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Two Stories, by T. F. Powys, on page 6

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Come Into the Office

WITH this issue the *Saturday Review of Literature* enters upon its fifth volume. The editors have now worked together, first and last, for eight years. Their first collaboration was upon the old *New York Evening Post*. When reorganization took place upon the *Post* they founded the *Saturday Review* as an independent journal of literary opinion. They have experienced alarums and excursions, but deep enjoyments as well. They have functioned through several changes of address—not because the censorship was after them! By this time they are entirely familiar with one another's personalities. And they have continually tried to fight against the *Review's* running simply under its own momentum. They have "sat in" at many an informal conference, in discussion concerning new ideas for the *Review*, fresh departures, different things that might be done.

We have tried some "different things." We intend to try more, from time to time. In the main our province has been to furnish you with book reviews that you could trust, coming from people of genuine authority, exercising impartiality without any axes to grind or any publishers to "please." That, in itself, is a task not without magnitude. Come into our office for a moment or so, and sit down with us. We will explain why, and chat of a few other things. Sit down. Have a cigarette.

That manuscript on parchment over Dr. Canby's desk? Oh, that's the holograph of Lord Dunsany, a brief essay on Charon, done in red and black, with a quill pen. It reminds Dr. Canby of mortality. The reproduction of Augustus John's portrait of Thomas Hardy is Mr. Morley's property, and, before they cleaned the walls, he had written a Latin testimonial to that effect in lead-pencil beneath it. Mr. Morley also faces the mortality of all things, but in a more jocular spirit. He used to make up neat epitaphs for everybody in the office and pencil them on the walls. But he doesn't dare do that any more. That tall dark bottle on his desk? It is empty. It came originally from Berry Brothers, London wine merchants. You can read on its label "Eitelsbacher 1921er" or "Karthäuser Hofberger, Wachstum, Hans Wilhelm Rautenstrauch." Mr. Morley keeps it as a totem and souvenir. In the partitioned-off cubbyhole in one corner of the larger office you can hear the tap-tapping of an ancient Underwood. If you try to pry your way in, you will encounter Mr. Benét working in his shirt-sleeves. His walls are covered with a miscellaneous assortment of etchings, broadsheets, and pictures clipped from magazines. He is fondest of the drawing, "A Morning Daisy," and of the manuscript of Vachel Lindsay's "Remarks of a Barber in Deadwood, South Dakota," penned in Room 1129 of the Davenport Hotel in Spokane.

Miss Loveman sits across the room from Dr. Canby. They frequently turn about in their chairs and indulge in stubborn debate. Miss Loveman really runs the *Review* for you. All the other editors come in late of a morning. Mr. Morley, in fact, only comes in twice a week. Mr. Benét has never been known to be on time. Miss Loveman not only runs the *Review* but keeps a drawerful of "Lucky Strikes" and matches for the harassed editors who are always running out of a smoke or of a light. She also lends them money on occasion. They are usually out of money. (This editorial is not written by Miss Loveman.)

The Three Songs

By ROBERT P. TRISTAM COFFIN

THE evening's thrush has three small songs,
Each one pitched the higher
Like three quiet evening flames,
Spire topping spire.

Three slender tongues of amber sound
That make the world grow lonely
Until a man can taste his tears
And hear his heartbeat only.

Why he pauses no man knows,
Nor why he feels the pain.
He knows no more than plants know why
Their leaves foretell the rain.

The pain is there and knows itself
Subtle, strange, and holy,
Symmetric as a serpent is,
Lambent, coiling slowly.

Independent as a star,
No woman's lips or eyes
Had a part in sculpturing
Its clean anatomies.

Somewhere back of everything
It had its beginning,
And it owes its loveliness
To no act of sinning.

The music of the thrush was there
Before dark was, or light,
Three songs like the tenderest,
First candles of the night.

This Week

"A History of Lloyd's."
Reviewed by *H. M. Tomlinson.*

"Black Democracy."
Reviewed by *Arthur Ruhl.*

'Thoughts without Words."
Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*

Rossetti: "His Life and Works."
Reviewed by *Arnold Whitridge.*

"In Modern Dress."
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Machiavelli, the Florentine.
Reviewed by Count *Carlo Sforza.*

There is another room down a little hall. That is our business manager, Mr. Cathcart, who has just turned around. Back of him—that pretty and amiable creature is his secretary, Miss Murphy. Mr. Orton, his assistant, the gentle but effective young man with the glasses, has just come in. Mr. Cathcart is really the publisher of the whole works. The editors all affectionately call him "Noble." Well, he does noble

In the other room Miss Silver, the able secretary of the whole editorial department, keeps her-

(*Continued on next page*)

The Depths and Ellis

Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

THE men who are in their sixties and seventies to-day were in their thirties and forties in the final decade of the nineteenth century. They are the men who gave that decade its special tone and character, that twist of difference by which it is identified in the tradition of English letters, that twist of difference has been usually described as decadence. To the 1890s are credited artificiality, smartness, and a reticulated fantasy. They are distinguished for perverse passions and a formal cult of Beauty. They are the years when the gospel of "Art for Art's Sake" had its most urgent and elaborate promulgation. Their representative prophets are Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde, and these gentlemen still work on the minds of the successive younger generations a glamor and a strange allure.

But that the tradition should concentrate these and no other phases of the biography of that rich and varied decennium is an ironic refraction of the color of life, which is so often most tittilating to the attention where it is least significant to the will. The 1890s were rich in diverse faiths and works. A whole laborious generation of the intellect came to maturity in them. They are dated more by the *Yellow Book* and the *Savoy Magazine* and the "Importance of Being Earnest" than by William James's "Principles of Psychology," by works of Nietzsche and Le Gualtier and Freud, by financial imperialism Kiplinged o'er with the refrain of "the white man's burden," by an observable momentum in the social sciences, and the recognition of actual and operative causes in the medical disciplines. Notably, sex is removed from the cellarage into the opener air of scholarship. But in these things, sex excepted, there was no felt discontinuity with past experience, no natural harmony with present emotion. They worked from a quieter and less conscious level than the perplexing passion and despairful estheticism which were so dramatically their alien contemporaries.

In the mind of one figure of the decade, however, these streams seem not to have been alien, but to have met and to have mingled their lights. This figure was Havelock Ellis. By his self-chosen and self-dedicated commitment to the *scientific* study of the psychology of sex, he belonged to the quieter, in their effects more far-reaching, scientific adventurers of the generation. By his choice of sex as a theme, however, by his literary interests, his friendships and belletristic association, by his philosophic posture and his tastes, he belonged to the lyric phalansteries of the lovers of art for art's sake, the small withdrawn congregations of "the religion of Beauty." If this spiritual compensation dimmed his gleam beside the more brilliant and more transient luminaries of the cult, it has burned with clearer and steadier flame for that, and has brought to the old age of the author of the "Dance of Life" a significance which the very heyday of the author of "Dorian Grey" could not attain. Indeed, it has made Havelock Ellis, and not another, the true voice of the spirit of the 1890s. In him there comes to realization and to utterance the common despair and the rather less common salvation of its protagonists. All the scientists and the empire builders and the poets had this despair in common. All chanted a "De Profundis." Not all won to the same salvation.

HAVELOCK ELLIS, PHILOSOPHER OF LO[illegible] P.
HOUSTON PETERSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin

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depths from which they cried were those science had plunged them into. Brought face to face, in their christian settings and with their christian hopes, with the blank determinism of the scientific outlook on life, they were aghast at the prospect. Scientific naturalism seemed to them to deprive existence of all meaning, personality of all dignity and worth; to turn history into an empty dance of circumstance and to coerce conduct into inevitable sequences from which all perspectives of good and evil must be ruled out as illusion. The empire builders, like Goethe's Faust, overcame despair by action and used the philosophy of science to justify the immoralities of political economy. Of the scientists, most rendered unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's so that God might have his own, and lived by turns in nature and in grace, without feeling the need to reconcile the one and the other. But to many the conflict was a tearing of their very lives, and reconciliation became the alpha and omega of their spirits. Such a scientist was William James, driven almost to suicide by despair over determination, and saved by the realization of the naturalness of faith and freedom in the natural world. Into such a scientist grew also the adolescent, sex-troubled Havelock Ellis, lifted up from the depths by a mystic translation of the empty determinism of a world-machine into the overflowing Beauty of a Living Whole of Nature. This translation, which took place in the Australian wilds when Ellis was nineteen years old, was his vision on the road to Damascus, as genuine a religious conversion as any the tradition glorifies. It was effected by a reading of James Hinton, who gave him the bright vision of Nature as Life, in place of the dark gospel he had taken from David Strauss that Nature was only a Machine. Enlightened through Hinton, Ellis discovered that "to see the world as Beauty is the whole end of living." By this discovery Ellis was once and for all joined in his ultimate views with the *literati* rather than with the scientists—with John Addington Symonds and the decade's other heirophants of "the religion of Beauty"; with Nietzsche, with Vaihinger, with Le Gaultier, and the other sick souls who, unable to endure as real

Ellis's [illegible] tude, not his matter, set its worth.

. . . In no fundamental sense (declares Mr. Peterson) did Havelock Ellis *develop* after 1878. . . . By nineteen his life work was chosen, his habits of thought established and his attitude toward the universe finally crystallized. . . . Since then he has not suffered from the inner conflicts which naive materialism has sown through modern thought. . . . For a full half century he has been a gracious anomaly in a sulky world.

I wish Mr. Peterson had been in a position to lay bare in its deeps and shallows the stream of feeling and ratiocination which he says came to a mirroring calm of life in 1878. That he could not, is, of course, no fault of his. Partly, the fact that he was dealing with a personality still alive prevented him—while autobiography can be candid, and sometimes is, biography of the living never seems to be; and partly there is the reticence and incommunicativeness of this personality itself. Much of Mr. Peterson's material comes from Ellis himself, but it seems all shining surface, all ideas and ideologies and arguments, without an inwardness. It carries no suggestion of a third dimension, no volume and perspective whence the realization of a personality can come. The externals, the top facets and last terms of the man's quality are obvious and simple enough. So is the movement of his intellect among characters, thoughts, and things. But there is no hint of a living *more* beneath. And it may be that there is nothing more. Ellis's admirers, of course, are properly loth to believe this. Whether there be such a *more* or not, the consequence to Mr. Peterson's book of its lack by implication or suggestion is that it makes an effect of logical rather than psychological insight. We see the man cinematographically, as he moves and speaks, but get no vision of his springs. We note, for example, that he is Henry H. Ellis in his beginnings, H. Havelock Ellis in his struggles; and at last Havelock Ellis in his security; but we are shown nothing of the changes of association and mood, of the modifications of the sense of personality which these apparently trivial yet really crucial alterations in the items of one's name imply.

And so throughout the book. We are shown [illegible] spring of a sailor father and a Methodist [illegible] d very much his mother's son, shy, taciturn, frail, and religious, given to prodigious reading and writing,—we are shown prodigious quotations from youthful notebooks—and causing concern about his health. We see him taken on a voyage round the world for his health's sake, but left in Australia, a boy of sixteen, vexed by the problems of his adolescence, in despair of his faith through his readings of David Strauss. We see him on the Australian steppes, teaching school and finding at last through Hinton's "Life in Nature" an anodyne to Strauss. We read that his attitude changes from rebellion to acquiescence; we see him dedicating himself to the study of sex. We see him coming to a philosophy of life in which all things work together to the glory of the Lord, where the perverse and the different are accepted as items belonging as truly in the same "Beauty" as the correct and the customary same. We are shown him, returned to England, teaching school, studying medicine, editing works of belles lettres and science, doing his part with essay, introduction, and review to naturalize fresh and unaccustomed themes and styles and writers in the English-speaking world. We see him trying his hand at reforming society and dropping it. We note a friendship with Olive Schreiner, and his companionate marriage with Edith Lees. We read of his agreeing to collaborate with Addington Symonds in the study of sexual inversion and of the assault by the highly moral British police power upon the careful and reticent book which resulted. We read of his friendship with Arthur Symons and his collaboration with him and Beardsley and others on the *Savoy Magazine*. And all the time he studies and writes on sex, and publishes—now through an American publisher. He assembles his occasional pieces into books—"The New Spirit," "Affirmations," and so on, to "The Dance of Life." Apart from quotations, and the exposition of Ellis's idealogy, we learn hardly anything more than we might from "Who's Who." There is nothing in the account to show why and how, though the flaming souls of the esthetic 1890s with whom Ellis came to maturity burn out and die, Ellis's light grows, slowly, steadily, so that to-day he is the sage of a modern generation of—more or less—esthetes.

[illegible] The reason, I presume [illegible] paradox. It is that Ellis is essentially a man of glowings rather than sparkles, a slow fire, but a steady one. His attitude signifies more, far more than his matter. The bulk of Mr. Peterson's book can well be a quotation if, as I am inclined to believe, that he has in the quotation indeed set forth the man; that in fact there isn't any more than the quotations represent. To me, Ellis's matter is commonplace. On the theme of sex, for example, I find no distillation of an *élixir d'amour*. So far as I can see, Ellis has neither discovered anything nor innovated anything. Mostly, he has assembled and put together the novelties and discoveries of others. But he has done so without excitement and without emphasis. He has acquiesced in the data of experience as they have come under his eye. He has recorded them with sympathy, but without praise or blame. And this attitude of accepting the facts of sex for what they are, as one accepts the weather, is a liberating one in the English-speaking world. Toward the variants and novelties in the arts, his posture has been similar. It can guide those who read him to understand without embracing, to judge without condemning; and to save them from taking particular causes too seriously, even the cause of their own inward lives.

Now to a generation wearied with too much knowing, too effectful doing, and the burnt-out passions of war, the gospel of Ellis is a release. Life comes easier as a dance than as a battle, and the appreciation of its corybantic essence, by one who since he grew up has apparently never himself stepped a measure with his feet, provides an ultimate justification for the moods and modes of a jazz age. But in Ellis himself, as I see it, his attitude is one of surrender. His freedom is a withdrawal, a giving up of the battle. If he is an anomaly it is because he leaves it to the Nature that drew him down into the depths to lift him in the due flood of her tides, to the heights. If he seems gracious it is because he has no will to run away from the one or to run toward the other. Fundamentally, depths and heights are to him *made* things, univeral fictions and pretenses, that Nature fabricates fo[illegible]n entertainment and that the initiate who [illegible]me an acquiescent harmony with [illegible] still an[illegible] to th[illegible]y

enjoy for himself. The intellectual formulation of this view Ellis derives from Nietzsche, Le Gaultier, and Vaihinger; its emotional tone is his own. In some moods its quality approaches the supreme nonchalance of Tao; in most it is coincident with the traditional acquiescence in the will of the lord—Thine, not mine, be done. . . . "The mystic explanation of the Universe is the ultimate explanation and the largest."

Which may be so. But so or not, it shares in the history of thought the fate of all formulæ that make a spectacle or an illusion of men's daily lives. The "invented" scene becomes infinitely more important than the inventing force; Taoism, Buddhism, and all of the other religions of disillusion, restore to an infinitely more potent status of reality the panorama of existence which they begin by dissolving into fictions and pretenses. For healthy-minded men and women, for ages and civilizations not too disturbed by fear, we are not such stuff as dreams are made on. To the healthy-minded, the discriminations and syntheses which reason discovers or makes and tradition consolidates, the valuations which feelings set up and convention crystallizes, *are* reality and not fiction, not illusion. But a generation confused and terrified by too much knowledge, sinking in the depths of an experience so rich and varied as to feel overwhelming, a generation fear-ridden and weakened in will, seems always to require some mystical hidden reality, some all-uniting All to guarantee security without effort, salvation without work. It is to such a generation, sinking in such depths, that Havelock Ellis is in our time a light.

Come Into the Office

(*Continued from preceding page*)

self extremely busy. To comment upon her capacity one has only to state that she can take Mr. Morley's dictation without spoiling a single pun. Mr. Morley excels in dictation. He becomes expansive. He is apt to say the most astonishing things. He makes all sorts of rare quotations, which Miss Silver patiently pursues. When he has

[illegible]

Hollender, who most amiably and competently takes on where Miss Silver has left off. Miss Hollender has as neighbor the most constantly bombarded member of the staff, Mr. Blaney, the bookkeeper, whose good humor is proof against ever repeated demands on the petty cash box!

That is Miss Force, out at the telephone desk. She is the model to whom all telephone operators should repair. She actually never loses her temper. Miss Force will also send telegrams for you, and cablegrams (Mr. Benét is always cabling England), and get you a messenger. Well, there you have most of us. But we were going to tell you why it is hard to get you good book reviews.

In the first place, look at those shelves. At this season of the year they don't look so formidable. But by the early Fall they will be groaning. Each book has to be considered on its merits. Someone qualified to handle it has to be thought of. Then there are two considerations. If the person is an untried authority,—no matter how great an authority he is, can he write so that you will be interested in reading what he writes? Will he have time to write a book-review? Will he be one of those low, mercenary characters who want large prices for their work? Will he send in his copy before next February? There are many other cognate questions to be considered.

There is the question also of the drastic discarding of books, one has to weed them down to a number of important ones, and one has to keep in mind that manuscript file (Miss Loveman's bane), which, unless one keeps the number of books sent out for review down to a reasonable number, is sure to fill up with manuscripts that it will take months to run off in publication. Then there is the question of timeliness. The editors are always reproaching each other about this. "How about so-and-so's book,—Good Lord, that ought to have been reviewed *months* ago!"

Then there are our visitors. We love them. We love them too well. We love to sit and talk of anything and everything. So do they. We love to go out to lunch. So do they. After all, one must live as well as read books. Thus much pleasant

(Co[illegible]ued on page 5)

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Foursquare to All the Wds

A HISTORY OF LLOYD'S. By CILES WRIGHT and C. ERNEST FAYLE. Nework:

Reviewed by H. M. TOMLINSON

THIS is an official history, but it ou not to be dismissed as we rightly dismisstory officially breathed into us as the ll of stuff which officials suppose is good enough freaders who will accept whatever bears an officiaamp. This history is different. The Corporan of Lloyd's, though more circumspect than moadmiralties, and though it shows an odd prefere for the evidence of skilled surveyors, actuaries, ; navigators over the warm imaginings of mereinterested people, has an unusual reputation to ntain. Its book must be as good as its bond. Forloyd's, though it guards its sanctuary from curioeyes as jealously as a banker his strong room, has ner forgotten that it grew out of the humane aciations of a coffee house, where there was tobac smoke, and talk of ships and commerce.

Lloyd's, after Lombard Street, went to e Royal Exchange; and now from there it has ne to a new palace on the site once occupied by ie headquarters of the East India Company. (here are two references to Elia in this book, whi includes also the reproduction of a laconic ge from "Lloyd's List of 1912" concerning th *Titanic*, and of a gem of a drawing by Thomas alton the younger, showing Leadenhall Street in Lnb's time, with the front of the famous house, andhe ghostly tower of St. Michael's in Cornhill in t distance, and a tavern on the spot now occupied l the home of the P. & O. Company—where thenit is plain, one could get Choice Pine Apple Rus; the last rare illustration by the leave of the ecretary of State for India, who is indeed, on this ount alone, a right honorable gentleman.)

There was, I remember, an air of nystery and exclusiveness about Lloyd's in the Roy. Exchange, which suppressed even the cheerful abndon of visiting shipping clerks, a breed not give in any part of the world to taking no for an nswer. But Lloyd's dried them up. They were difdent enough inside that building. I myself used to eel it would be impious to venture within the barrier; indeed knew I should be put outside if I did No. You gave the name of the underwriter you desired to meet, and then you heard his name rolled sonorously down courts and corridors, by a functionary with a noble voice from a ros um, much as you will hear a name called of some ne at the Last Judgment. Since then I have been llowed within the barrier, and have been even fav ed with peeps into documents which made me fee I was profane to turn them about, and I envie e then whoever would have the privilege to explor y Lloyd's for its history.

* * *

Here it is, and done in the way it deserved. It satisfies one's informed interest, bu it does not recognize the eagerness of vulgar c iosity; yet, beginning in the tobacco smoke of a lace where ships were sold "by the candle," it is rm and human, and properly fastens on any pers ality whose original activities did something to b d up the character of a community of men wh was devoted to a peculiar task; we ought not to withhold the tribute of genius from some of th far-seeing men, such as John Julius Angerstein, rederick William Marten, and Cuthbert Eden He .

But it is much too long and tricate a story for a brief summary here. Everybo knows of the beginning of Lloyd's, and that th name now is commonly used as an assurance c he virtue of anything that is above doubt; jus s we use the word "sterling," which comes to us f cm a much earlier association of merchants whose okens or coins once set a sound standard in traffi cing. To-day the name of Lloyd's is used to des gnate the just character and superior work of nany shipping companies flying the flags of man nationalities, a fact which would surprise the ori ginal Edward Lloyd, who began with a coffee ho use in Tower Street, somewhere about 1680, anc l moved to Lombard Street in 1691.

If there be any doubting person who resents the position now occupied by the Corporation of Lloyd's and the Society of Lloyd's R egister (wholly distinct and independent bodies, yet with a common origin and intimate connection still) in the world of shipping, and occupied with su ch an air, too, of easy authority, and who supposes that this honorable position is but a matter of chance which might be easily rectified by a body of energetic rebels with plenty of money and brains, then he had better carefully consult this history. It will free him of an illusion.

It was chance, if you like, which put Lloyd's where it is, a long row of chances, but they were all taken and established in a way which at least seems to be immovable. The truth is, Lloyd's is more than a great body of special knowledge having peculiar privileges, gained by long experience, and exploited by the gentlemen who now control its affairs. It is not easy to-day to imagine another body which could hope to rival it, for though knowledge and experience cannot be monopolized —anyone may have them who can gain them—an honorable reputation, which has stood more than two centuries of shattering tests, cannot be got along with brand-new business premises. To obtain it means much more than keeping a bond; for Lloyd's has shown, not merely that it will keep its word, but that, because of its name, when a searching time arrived, it would go further than the bond would exact. Therefore to-day merchants and others who would rather not carry their own risks in bold chal-

SPEAK, Oman, less recent 'Fragmentary fossil
Primal pioneer of Pliocene formation,
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum
Of volcanic tuffa!

Older than the beasts, the oldest Pulæotherium;
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogamia;
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
Of Earth's epidermis.

Eo-Mio-Plio — whatsoever the "cene" was
That these vacant sockets filled with awe and wonder

Facsimile of the first page of the original manuscript of "The Pliocene Skull," by Bret Harte.
(From a catalogue of the Anderson Galleries.)

lenge under the hanging sword of fate—wise men —prefer to shield themselves under Lloyd's, where the general average of risks and accidents has been so well estimated that, whatever happens, fate surely can be met, if not mocked.

Woe, all the same, to the cunning who imagine that, within the privacy of an unbroken horizon, we will say, with no eye but that of Heaven to obscure them, they may play the fool with a ship, and then appeal to Lloyd's to be borne up on their policy. It may, as we say—no doubt it has—occasionally—"come off," but there is an amusing account in this book of the foundering of certain Greek and Spanish ships after the war, and these wrecks do not give one much hope that Lloyd's with its eyes of Argus, and a very unfriendly understanding of the ways of anarchs, would fail to notice one's clever mishandling, apparently well out of sight, of a venture secretly bound to perversity. Another thing which becomes plain, in the reading of this book, is that—how one's ignorance or half-knowledge feels the slight!—an understanding of ships and maritime commerce which can act on instinct is no more easily acquired than the gait and complexion of a mariner of the fourth generation.

"Bernard Shaw's new book ('Communism and Socialism for the Intelligent Woman') certainly adds something to the literature of the Index," says the London *Observer*. Here are a few of the headings under which the contents are classified:

Actresses, Acrobats, Baked-potato merchants, Blacklegs, Bogies, Calcutta sweep, Charwomen, Devil, Eugenics, Fox-hunting, Gin Lane, Harakiri, Infallibility, Krupp's, Lunatic asylums, Mormons, Nightingales, Plumbers, Polygamy, Prima donnas, Prize-fighters, Restaurants, Silk stockings, Tariffs, Thugs, Vacuum-cleaners, Yahoos, Zanzibar.

A Tragic Story

BLACK DEMOCRACY. By H. P. DAVIS. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

IT was high time somebody did the job Mr. H. P. Davis has had the energy and public spirit to do here—give a brief, comprehensive history of the little-known republic of Haiti; an objective account of the American intervention and occupation; and a reminder to an indifferent American public and a dilatory government, of promises made and responsibilities undertaken and still unfulfilled.

Mr. Davis went to Haiti during the war in connection with an ambitious project to grow cotton on the island. The cotton grew right enough, but an unsuspected pest grew with it, and a potential fortune was eaten up almost overnight. In the twelve years since then, during which Mr. Davis has lived in Haiti, as representative of the American syndicate originally interested, and head of the American Chamber of Commerce in Port au Prince, he has had ample time to indulge his taste for burrowing into all sorts of Haitiana and acquainting himself with the history and conditions, past and present, of that charming, if unhappy, isle.

"Black Democracy" is one of the results. The first part traces the history of the island from Columbus down—its spacious days as the richest French colony; the black revolt and independence under Toussaint, Dessalines, and Christophe; and on down through the long string of presidents, most of whom were killed or driven out by their successors, until that final explosion which resulted in the hacking to pieces of President Sam, on July 28, 1915, after he had been dragged from the French Legation, and the landing of the American Marines. Against this background, of which the average American newspaper-reader knows nothing, Mr. Davis traces the story of the occupation until the late winter of the present year, and concludes with a close-up examination of just what the Americans are doing in Haiti to-day, and some suggestions of his own as to what ought to be done.

* * *

It is a tragic story, and a story which could be splashed with all sorts of Afro-French and ribbean color, tropical sunshine, tears, and blood, but Mr. Davis, although the brother of the redoubtable dramatist, Owen Davis, who is said to have written more melodramas than anybody in history, states only what seem to him the bare facts, and his narrative is as impersonal and concrete as an engineer's report.

Briefly, he takes a middle-ground, as is likely to be the case in any bitterly controversial issue of which one knows the real facts, between those who hail the intervening Americans in Haiti as liberating angels and those who damn them as devils and bloodthirsty conspirators. In general, as has happened so often in our Caribbean adventures, our errors, he believes, are those of omission rather than commission; our mistakes not so much those of policy as of lack of policy, of drifting and muddling along without any plan or any suitable machinery. The result, as he sees it, has been, that in spite of the good roads, sanitation, economies of all sorts, and the fact that the great mass of Haitians—the ninety per cent. or ninety-five per cent. of inarticulate peasants who have always been regarded as so many negligible domestic animals by their own small but often highly-cultured élite—now enjoy more real liberty than ever before, almost nothing had been done toward preparing the conscious minority for governing the island themselves.

* * *

This lack of plan and suitable machinery and of any continuing intelligence in Washington has characterized our intereference in Haiti's affairs from the very beginning. "The United States assumed definite obligations toward the Haitian people but failed to incorporate in the treaty specific authority for the responsible agents nominated by the President of the United States." During the six years of the occupation that had elapsed up to the time the Senate Committee made its report in 1922, there "had been half a dozen chiefs of the Latin-American division and many changes in the office of the chief of the gendarmerie of Haiti." It was several years before any action was taken toward the promised loan, and still longer before anything was done to change the antiquated Haitian customs law. The

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Haitian constitution, drafted by the Assistant Secretary of the United States Navy in 1918, according to a frequently quoted and rather jocular reference which the latter once made to the subject, has frequently stood in the way of constructive development, and it is only lately and by stretching rather grotesquely a phrase in the treaty empowering the United States to "assist in developing the agricultural, mineral and commercial resources" of the island, that the "Service Technique de l'Agriculture" has been able to do a little something toward education by establishing some farm schools. The above are a few of many such ineptitudes.

Mr. Davis dismisses the talk of "Wall Street" and "atrocities" as unimportant, and is still more emphatic in characterizing the occasional accusations of dishonesty on the part of the American officials as unfair and unfounded. More pertinent to the realities of the Haitian situation are, for example, the racial antagonism which has raised a wall between Haitians and the Americans of the Occupation, even between the latter and that élite which are frequently their superiors in education, manners, and general culture; such embarrassing acts as the refusal of the American Financial Advisor to obey decisions of the Haitian Supreme Court; the continuance of military control over purely civil matters, and, in general, "the lack of any apparent constructive effort to solve the long-deferred problem of giving to the Haitian people political autonomy. This is the most legitimate and by far the most vital of the complaints of the still resentful and disgruntled political class which represents the only articulate public opinion in Haiti."

* * *

Referring to the Financial Advisor, Mr. Davis grants that the latter's failure to respect court decisions was undoubtedly prompted by a well-meant desire to save the Haitian people money and "considerations of substantial justice, but it is doubtful whether any individual, no matter how able or sincere, should be permitted to occupy a position of arbitrary power to decide whether or not judgments of the highest courts of the land should be recognized.

Nor is it possible, he thinks, for a proper spirit of "coöperation and accommodation" to exist between Americans and Haitians so long as a military officer remains High Commissioner. "Ably as the High Commissioner (General Russell) has performed his duties," says Mr. Davis, "the time is overripe for the subordination of the military to a civil administration and for the appointment to this high office of a man trained to civil rather than military functions."

Mr. Davis suggests three alternative policies—abrogate the treaty and get out; continue the intervention indefinitely; or

> announce definitely that we will withdraw at the expiration of the Treaty in 1936, and adopt a definite program designed to prepare the Haitian people to take over and administer an efficient government. . . . That a Haitian senate and chamber of deputies should be elected and should function before our withdrawal is as obvious as the necessity for definite steps towards the gradual replacement of Americans by Haitians in all administrative departments.

Obvious to Mr. Davis, perhaps, and to the handful of Americans who have visited Haiti or have acquainted themselves with what is going on there. Less obvious, it would appear, to Washington. It is to be hoped that this really useful and public-spirited book may start something.

Thoughts That Do Often—

THOUGHTS WITHOUT WORDS. By CLARENCE DAY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

CLARENCE DAY'S idiosyncratic drawings, as well as his equally idiosyncratic writings, have cheered many saturnine souls for some years. Here you have both together, despite his title. True, he does not waste many words as footnotes to his pictures, but all are unusually explicit. Some might call Mr. Day's view of life jaundiced. But if you have read "This Simian World" or "The Crow's Nest" you will already have acquainted yourself with the swishing of his vorpal blade. The idea of his book is that, granted one can draw at all, pictures may rise from one's subconsciousness and get somehow upon paper expressing the deepest hidden opinions about life. Sometimes they will be electrifying. But all the honest man can do then is to find them a title or a tag of rhyme and prepare to stand by them, for they really represent his deepest wisdom. Of love, marriage, and beauty, Mr. Day does not think as much as some might desire him to. His disenchantment sometimes almost approaches the sinister. But his sense of comedy is such, both in pencil-drawing and in tag and caption, that almost every page delights the mind. To us "Thoughts without Words" is a book constantly to keep by one against the embittered hour. "What Fools These Mortals Be," is the sense of it and its disillusioned philosophy cuts deep. More than this, it is extremely funny.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

ROSSETTI: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By EVELYN WAUGH. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI is not a favorable subject for the new method of biography. The ideal quarry for the young Plutarch of to-day is the kind of man who deliberately tried to guide his life by some ethical or religious standard. A very little ingenuity will usually suffice to prove that the popular hero was a hypocrite and that what he chose to call his standards were merely prejudices. Rossetti was blessed with unusually keen senses, but he was not a man of ideas, and consequently the biographer is deprived of the pleasure of exhibiting his own superior wisdom at the expense of the subject. As Mr. Waugh says almost regretfully, "perhaps because he was, in an odd kind of way, so essentially an artist he alone of the fabulous paladins of the last century was never, to any serious extent, a humbug." The inference that artists are more free from humbug than other men is one of the popular fallacies of our time, but it explains why the author has written a straightforward account of Rossetti instead of attempting the tenderly romantic satire of André Maurois or the studied irony of Lytton Strachey. If Rosetti had been a more admirable character he would probably have been treated with less respect.

The school of painting of which Rossetti is the best known example has never been less popular than it is to-day. We don't like the Pre-Raphaelites; we don't like the stage properties with which they clutter up their pictures, and we don't like their languorous women. They knew nothing about Mr. Roger Fry's discovery that great painting was nothing but the rendering of significant form, and it never occurred to them that any valid distinction could be drawn between the "literary" and esthetic appeal of a work of art. Incidentally the British public did not like them either, until Ruskin took up the cudgels in their behalf. The criticism of the *Times* upon the 1851 Academy has a strangely modern ring about it. "An absolute contempt for perspective," "aversion to beauty in every shape," "seeking out every excess of deformity"—these phrases suggest the popular verdict of to-day on Matisse and Picasso, but actually reflect Victorian opinion on what we consider the hopelessly "pretty pretty" pictures of Rossetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt. Ruskin admired the Pre-Raphaelites for exactly the same reason that the ultra-modern critic admires the new men in every age. They had broken away from the dry formalism of their elders, they were experimenting with new colors and new methods of putting on color. In fact, like every new school in art and literature, they were harking back to Nature. Has there ever been an innovation in any of the arts which did not start with the conviction that Nature was in urgent need of rediscovery?

* * *

Through the influence of Ruskin, whose feverish activity swept him into the most unexpected channels, Rossetti soon found himself associated with William Morris and Burne Jones. Rossetti had no particular interest in bringing a sense of beauty into the life of the British working-man, but to satisfy Ruskin he taught for some time at the Working Men's College, where he was discovered by those two enthusiastic young men from Oxford, who already considered him the greatest artist of hire. Thus he became the link between the Pre-Raelite Brotherhood and the new esthetic movem born out of the squalid ugliness of the industrisystem. Including as it did, furniture, embroideof all kinds, mural decoration, carving, and me work, it anticipated much of our modern preupation with good taste. If he had his rights Mis would be the patron saint of all interior decoras. Probably they shudder at the very idea of a Mris chair, but without its originator we might nott have learned that a beautiful environment wast the exclusive privilege of the millionaire.

* * *

C of the curious features of the esthetic movemenvas that it owed nothing to foreign inspiration,id that it blended in a thoroughly English fashi beauty, comfort, and utility. Mr. Waugh repeally speaks of Rossetti as if he were a foreigneand refers more than once to England as Rosse's "adopted country." As a matter of fact, in spiof his Italian blood Rossetti's interests were entirelEnglish. He had no French or Italian connectioi he never lived on the Continent, and unfortunely for himself he never showed the slightest intest in contemporary art outside of England. If he H he would no doubt have learned something aut anatomy, but he was not in any true sense o the word an ambitious painter. Certain things tt pleased his sense of pattern, like flowers and textes of brocade, he painted uncannily well. Mr. Wigh considers his Beata Beatrix, which hangs inhe Tate Gallery, "the most purely spiritual andlevotional work of European art since the fall of t Byzantine Empire," but he is led into this extraagant praise by his desire to do justice to a phase o painting that modern criticism ignores. We symphize with Mr. Waugh's annoyance at the dishevlled art student who talks about plastic values anddismissed Rossetti because he can not be dealt withoy any of the new canons of criticism. On the oter hand, it does not follow because in this particuar instance Rossetti painted his wife, an extraordinaily beautiful woman, with an expression of yeaning in her face, that he thereby produced one of the world's great masterpieces. If his Beata Beatix is a great spiritual and devotional work of irt, then so are the madonnas of Bouguereau.

* * *

Rossetti's limitations as an artist are clearly expressed in his comment on poetry. "If a man has poetry in him," he used to say, "he should paint, for it has all been said and written, and they have scarcely begun to paint it." It was very nearly true that everything Rossetti wanted to say in poetry had been said but that was because his world was a peculiarly restricted one. Whatever appealed to him sensuously he could express in poetry or on canvass, and he could express it in such a way that men who had never dreamed of poetry or of painting were tremendously excited by the gorgeous land of romance he opened to them. Perhaps it is our misfortunte that the world has grown so immeasurably since the time of Rossetti that his sumptuous art no longer ugs our imagination.

Nevertheless Mr. Waugh's book is well worth reading, not on for the vivid picture it gives of Rossetti, but fo the much needed protest against certain tendenci in modern esthetic criticism. It is refreshing to find an author who is obviously sympathetic wit modern art, and who at the same time insist that the impulse to pictorial expression does no necessarily come from the contemplation of fo m, but quite possibly from "an emotional state o mind evoked by firelight and singing."

The Saturday Review
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The Bowling Green

"In Modern Dress"

(*An Elizabethan dramatist, having heard of the popularity of his works in modern costume, himself visits a Broadway outfitter*)

E. D: Sir-reverence, gentles. As I apprehend
Your traffic here is brisk, and well divulged.
FLOORWALKER: Traffic's always heavy on Broadway.
E. D: Your habits are all worthy?
FW: Sure thing. A salesman with any badhabits can't never get a job at Custombilt's.
E. D: Tis well. The vice that man himself enjoys
He doth begrudge his tailor.
Thou art sententious, chapman.
FW: You want to see Mr. Chapman? Right over there.
E. D: Your servant, sir. What ho then Master Chapman!
CHAPMAN: What can I do for you?
E. D: Sirrah, by your sprightly nunciament
Apparent daily in the public print,
And eke by intuition of mine eye
Where all these gallant weeds are windowèd,
I am persuaded you can suit me here.
C: Absolutely. Shirts, underwear, spots hose?
We don't keep 'em that length, though.
E. D: So I was advèrtised.
C: Yeah, it's always a good thing to keep your eye on the advertisements, puts you wise to some real bargains. Summer Outlet Sale going on now.
E. D: Mark you: a stranger in this age and town,
Here for some theatre doing, I apprise
My comedies have ta'en your latter gab.
Methinks that I myself should suit me with them
And innovate my gear.
C: Listen, this ain't a theatrical costumer. If you're workin' in comedy that outfit's fine.
E. D: Tush! by contagion not unnatural
I also would do on your modern weed
And make contemporate showing.
C: I get you. You want something ready to wear?
E. D: You apprehend shrewdly. Estinate's the word.
Some habit less vociferous than this,
Which strikes the street-boy's eye with wanton mirth.
I am a man anonymous in taste:
It likes me not to be exceptioned so,
Observed of all observers.
C: If it's for the theayter, maybe you want evening clothes?
E. D: Nothing antic nor fanatical,
Rich, not gaudy.
There is a species of truncated jerkin,
In sable weave, I trow; and buckram shirt
Spread white across the wide and manly bosom.
C: Sure, tuxedo, dinner jacket. I'll take your measure.
E. D: Gramercy. Anatomize my person
As gracious as the inchworm will allow.
Alack, no bombast needed in the doublet:
We now engross with tallow of our own.
C: (*measuring*) Chest 36; waist 38.
E. D: Tis not Falstaffian, but zounds, tis ample—
Haber-du-pois that irks a man's fifth decade.
C: Inseam, 30. Nice leg you got, buddy.
E. D: Thou saidst it, Chapman Hark you, in our day
It was the male and not the femle shank
That earned the plaudit of the populace.
Thou shouldst have seen this netherstock, this member,
When it was boy in Stratford. There were dames
In good Queen Bess's court not unaware
That though a playwright's visnomy be naught
He hath a tidy shin. I have no grievance
Against these tomboys and their sarsenet knees,
But Bessie Queen demanded of her earls
To show the world just what a leg could be.
I fear you never met the Earl of Essex. . . .
And hereadays, in creased and lapping bags,
Dull parallels of cloth from cish to kibe,
Where is your mannish limb? For lack of praise,
For lack of proper public admiration
It atrophies and shrivels.
C: They's too much taxi-ridin', people's legs don't get the exercise. Now this here oughta fit you, chief. 36 medium stout, nice piece o' goods too.
E. D: The stuff's perdurable?
C: That's real Cheviot. Extra silk braid on the pants, plenty full at the bottom, gives you more ventilation for dancing. All the pants in the dancing marathons was cut like that.
E. D: A goodly clout. It hath something a funeral tint. (*Examining the trousers*) These trunk-hosen, these pants, how are they trussed up without points? Is there not danger of sudden default?
C: Do you use belt or suspenders? Better try 'em on. You'll have to take off the fancy dress.
E. D: Where then do I untruss?
(*C. indicates a very tiny dressing cupboard behind a curtain.*)
The little lobby hath small compass.
C: You put on the pants, I'll get you a shirt. I guess 15½ neck will be about right.
(*While C fetches a dress shirt, collar and tie, there are signs of struggle behind the curtain.*)
E. D: Hola, Master Chapman, hither to the tiring room! I abide your tuition. These trunk-hosen, these tuxedo pants. . . .
(*C returns with shirt and goes behind curtain. His voice is heard:*)
C: For the lovamike, buddy, you got them trousers on backwards. This way. Them buttons goes in front.
E. D: A codpiece of much ingenuity.—The little sable ribbon, about the neck?
C: Here, I'll tie it for you. For gosh sake brother, you're sure awkward with them fingers of yours. What do you use 'em for?
E. D: Now am I breeched indeed. A Barrymore!
C: Come out and look it over in the glass.—Gee, buddy, that queer singsong way you talk gets me in the rhythm of it too!
(*They emerge. The customer admires himself. The trousers are somewhat slack about the waist. He holds them up.*)
E. D: The glass of fashion and the mould of form! Tis a poor craftsman,
Master Chapman, that cannot quote himself to apt occasion.
C: Length's about right.
E. D: Indifferent scant, meseems, about the hams.
C: We'll fix that. (*Makes chalk marks on the seat of trousers*)
How's the waist, snug?
E. D: If by snug one implies a sense of certainty, I deny it. The inclination of matter being ever downward, I infer calamity and portend mishap. Methinks these pants are less modest than my old trunk-hosen. You spoke of some engine of suspension?
C: Sure. Try these. (*Fastens on suspenders*)
E. D: O rare conceit, and most effectual!
These would have pleased Lord Bacon, whose quaint mind
Was ever on device. Vith these brave trinkets
To keep the court well trussed, the age of Bess
Might have been different. The other vestures?
C: The vest? Right here.
E. D: Aye, let us glimpse the picture all complete.
The lesser jerkin first? And then the greater.
An outland cut indeed! It fadges, though—
Now to preambulate the gazing glass. . . .
The nonpareil of beauty! Point device!
Thinkest thou, friend Chapman, she's something shoulder-shotten on the near side? My rightward shoulder humps ever a fraction high; the dole of too much scrivening. Perchance we should e'en quilt them? An even pair of shoulders is good sociability.
C: Turn round so you can see the back in the glass. Looks fine to me. Slick.
E. D: It hath your approval?
C: Boy, it's a knockout. Course a man your build ain't expected to have shoulders like Gene Tunney.
E. D: These silken lappets, curiously carved,
Are they exact in mode? Sans foppery,
I still would be abreast of use and wont.
C: Say, if you went into Tex Guinan's place she wouldn't know you from a hundred other lizards.—A haircut, maybe. But there's lots of comedians likes that Weber and Fields effect.
E. D: With such expanse of napery on the breast
A man must needs be dainty with his victual.
We must not maculate this candid linen
With any casual overplus of beer.
Such catch-all would ill suit the dribbling Falstaff.
C: Well if you could reach the mug over that old frill you had on, you can manage this. You gotta have a lid, though. Try this one.
(*Hands him a derby hat*)
E. D: It hath a frolic air.
This is the true and absolute adjunct
To my condition?
C: Positively correct with a tuxedo. That's the very latest brim, you'll see 'em like that all over town. —Stoop over once. You know, now those pants have sort of broke in to your figure I wouldn't slack off that seat any. It looks O.K.
E. D: Then are we all in trim. Now let the nymphs
That amble and make oeillade in Times Square
Hard by the stations of the Orange Drink,
Accost me at their peril.
C: Yes, you're all whoopee now.
E. D: And comedies that still amuse the town
Need not be shamed by an old-fangled author.
For under hose or doublet, pants or vest,
I reidentify familiar humors
And find the world most amiably the same.
But sooth, I stay you from employ. Hand me my wallet and say what's to pay.
C: Shall I send the old suit to your address?
E. D: Gramercy.
(*He makes a profound obeisance and is gone*)
FLOORWALKER: You sure had a queer one that time. Where's he come from?
C: I didn't quite get it. He kept saying something about Gramercy Park. A nut from one of those artist clubs.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Come Into the Office

(*Continued from page 2*)

time passes. But Miss Loveman does actually more encouraging of visitors than anyone else. This is because she works the hardest and consequently, being efficient, finds she has a great deal of time on her hands. Mr. Morley, of course, is usually hailing and farewelling all sorts of people on the telephone, and planning gustatory gatherings. And he leads all visitors around the shelves and piles their arms with priceless volumes just out of his large-hearted faith in human nature. Dr. Canby engages them in more serious conversation, and has an academic habit of checking off the points he makes with reference to (a), (b), (c), etc. He has even been known to get as far as (w). Again, he turns and rushes at those looming shelves and begins frantically to eviscerate them, while Miss Silver crouches nearby, catching his wingèd words to all living authorities on history, biography, psychology, sociology, science, medicine, religion, and belles lettres. Correspondence pours forth in Niagaras. And a month or two later somebody is heard from.

There's one thing about reading in a literary office. One can always say it is part of one's work. And you can fit one book inside another, the way you used to do in college. Even the office boy reads, in the office of the *Saturday Review*. George, the present competent incumbent, generally has a book at his elbow. Several others, before departure, took to writing reviews. One in fact, after departure, wrote a letter intimating that his literary aspirations were higher than those of the editors. He was disillusioned.

In spite of such human failings, somehow the editors actually like their work. They get along remarkably well together, considering the fact that they know each other so well. There are often long sessions of "Why don't we do—so-and-so—," "Well, I didn't think much of that—," or "But you know that was your idea, Henry?" "It certainly was not; it was your suggestion, Bill. I was against it from the first." Then there's always, "Yes, I know, Chris, but you can't have *everything* anecdotal."

Oh, have you got to go? Well, drop in on us again. We hope this intimate view won't spoil your relish for the paper. After all it gets tiresome sometimes pretending we are all your elders and intellectual betters, when we aren't anything of the kind. We are much as we have described ourselves, and yet, "still nursing the unconquerable hope, still clutching the inviolable shade."

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Two Stories

I Came As a Bride

A MUDDY lane led from the Maidenbridge road to Walberton. Upon either side of the lane there were wide ditches that, even in summer time, were never dry. The lane went along for a mile and then Walberton was reached.

If the lane was muddy the village was more so, for all the cottages seemed to be splashed by the dirt, and even Walberton Hall, though now owned by good Mr. Cobb, who endeavored to enjoy the mud as well as he could, was built in the mire. In Walberton it was best to believe that all the world is dirt and each man and woman but a walking part of it, for so each seemed to be when out of doors.

Mr. Cobb had come to Walberton to be alone, and he certainly succeeded, for the mud of the lane kept all his friends away, and, with the exception of his housekeeper, Mrs. Williams—for Mr. Cobb had no wife to care for him—and Wicks the gardener, he saw scarcely anyone—though once he saw the bride.

Mr. Cobb had come to Walberton an old man, and he did but wait, in no unfriendly manner, an event that would at least place him beyond all ugliness and release him for ever from a very muddy world, and yet he felt strangely startled when he saw the bride.

It was a night in winter when a cloud that resembled, both in color and in kind, the mud of the lanes and fields of the village, as cold as the frozen air could make it, hung down over Walberton, out of which was squeezed by the black hands of the night great drops of rain. As there was a moon, though the night was so gloomy, it was not altogether dark and, before going to bed, Mr. Cobb guished the dining-room lamp, stayed for a nt by the window and looked out.

. Cobb was too good to be afraid, but he cer- felt a little strangely when he saw a young girl, dressed in a wedding frock and wearing white shoes and stockings, step quickly along the drive and knock at the door.

A sensation that approached excitement hurried Mr. Cobb to the door, which he threw widely open, for he knew well enough the honor and consideration that is due to a bride. He saw no one.

Although during the night the rain had changed to snow, the clean white dress that it had given to the village was gone again by the morning and Walberton had returned to its old state of mud and slush.

Mr. Cobb could not forget the look of his ghostly visitor. He took up a book and read:—

> Her face too dazzling for the sight,
> Her winning coyness fires my soul,
> I feel a strange delight.

He sat in his study after breakfast and, ringing the bell for his housekeeper, he asked to see Mr. Wicks.

Mr. Wicks came in a hurry, holding a blacking-brush that he had just been using upon his master's boots.

"Wicks," said Mr. Cobb, "last night, when I looked out of the window, I saw——"

"Ah," said Wicks, "I know very well what you are going to say. You saw the bride of Walberton, sir."

"Tell me about her, Wicks," said Mr. Cobb, "and I must say to you that, old as I am, I would have laid my heart at her feet, had she come as a live bride, instead of a ghostly presence, to Walberton."

"I would to God you had, sir," replied Wicks, feeling for his handkerchief, but finding none he wiped his eyes with the blacking-brush.

"Ah," said Mr. Wicks, "most of we have seen the bride about this time of the year, and 'tis said she won't never rest quiet until someone be willing to husband her and to lie beside her in the bed where she be."

"The grave," said Mr. Cobb.

Wicks nodded.

"The bride came to Walberton," said Wicks, "when Squire Goddy was owner here, and he were a man who liked a young maid."

"I have heard of him," said Mr. Cobb, "for I purchased the estate from his heirs."

"I mind the bride coming well," said Wicks. "'Twas a cold snowy day when she did come, but though the snow fell it turned to mud and water in Walberton. I do mind the night well. Mr. Goddy had been staying at Maidenbridge, and it chanced that the pretty maid was a servant in his friend's house, and Mr. Goddy had a mind to her and said, jokingly maybe, 'Come as my bride to Walberton.'"

"The bride were a poor girl, and she had only her black servant's frock to walk in, and 'tis twenty miles from Maidenbridge to Walberton. She were a pretty meek thing, same as some be who do dream of weddings.

"'Twas her afternoon out, and so she did start walking, saying to sheself, to make the way seem shorter, 'I be going as a bride to Walberton.'

"'Twas a cold day for she to walk so far, but she went along well enough, telling her story in

T. F. POWYS

the villages that she passed, and though some didn't believe her there were some who did.

"At Norbury one old wife, Mrs. Balliboy, cried, when she heard the bride's tale.

"'But where be thee's frock?' Mrs. Balliboy asked of the bride, 'where be thee's wedding clothes?'

"'I have none,' the maid answered, 'but I did hope that someone upon the road might give me a dress.'

"Mrs. Balliboy took her own wedding-dress—'twas old and belonged to forgotten times, but 'was white and clean.

"'Take it and welcome,' she said, 'for 'this another kind of clothes that I'd best be thinking of.'—Mrs. Balliboy kissed the bride.

"At Dodder the bride knocked at another door and old Potten who was standing near did listen to her tale. Potten did nod at she and look at her dress.

"'This white stockings thee do want," he said. Potten stepped into the doorway and called. 'Here, old woman,' he shouted, 'a maid be going as a bride to Walbterton, so do 'ee give she they white stockings that thee do hoard and save for thee's own burial.'

"And did Mrs. Potten give them to her?" asked Mr. Cobb.

"She did," replied Wicks, "and 'tweren't long before the bride were in Madder and a girl did say, when she heard where she was going, 'I will give thee a pair of white shoes, for I do only cry over them every night time, for they bain't needed now.'

"The bride walked on, trying to keep they white shoes clean. She walked gaily and thought of all the happiness that was to come when she was a wedded woman. She stopped once more at me brother's house, that be upon the main road before the turn to Walberton, and I were told what she looked like then.

"She were a little thing with a small cherry mouh and eyes as soft as any heifer's be. She were womanly too, wi' the body of a pretty breeder, and she held herself up proudly as any bride should do. She did ask her way to Walberton, and brother John who do buy and sell straw and hay, did invite ler into front room.

"'Thee be a walking bride,' said John, 'but where be thee going?'

"'I am going to wed Mr. Goddy," she said boldly.

"Brother John did look foolish when she named the Squire, and the little children did creep into corners for there weren't one of them that hadn't felt the lash of Mr. Goddy's riding-whip one time or anoter. Brother John's wife be a woman——"

"I d not doubt you," said Mr. Cobb, smiling.

"'Mr Goddy has a wife already,' she said, 'and so thee best take and go home, for I do fancy thee be nothing only a streetwalker.'

"'I don't believe you,' answered the bride. 'No gentleman would ask a young maid to come as his bride if e were married already. I will not stay to be moked.'

"Brother John opened the door to her.

"'This the first muddy turn on the left,' he said, 'and some folks' true lies be meant for kindness.'

"The bride took the lane, and however much she tried o keep her shoes clean they were soon soaked and spoiled, and though the rain hadn't yet begun there was a thick low-hanging mist ahead."

Mr. Wicks gently rubbed his knee with the blacking-brush.

"I was groom at the Hall then, and I mind the night well, for Squire had his friends there and I did bide lae to tend their horses. I think it were Farmer Pady who had just driven away, and I did stand and look, for some one was coming.

"'Twas a young girl, and when she came to me she said quietly, 'I be come as a bride.'

"I did stand back a little when she said that, for I thought the maid mid be mad. But there was no madness n her eyes, only excitement and hope. And then 'tvas that I thought Squire had beguiled her there with his wicked ways.

"'Do 'ee go home quick, young maid,' I said, 'for Squire be worse than any Bluebeard.'

"The bride held her head high and went by me and rang the bell that hung beside the great open door. I do nind the clatter of 'en now. An old witch woman who did serve Squire did come to her, and I did go to the great window and peeped in.

"The fire roared in the hearth. Farmer Mew and James Andrews were drinking wine, and Squire were leaning back wi' his glass filled before him. The door opened then and the bride entered.

"The Squire leaned back and laughed. But she wasn't abashed she went and knelt to him.

"'I am come as your bride,' she said. . . .

"The bride was given a cottage to live in, that no one else didn't want, and she were made to work on the home firm, for Mrs. Goddy wouldn't let she bide in house after what happened that night.

"'Twas mud upon the bride then, mud and mire, but she would vork hard and did still say to folk that she came as a bride.

"'Twas as much as we all did expect that when her dead child vere born she had no strength to live, and 'twas heard about from one to another that 'the bride be a-dyn.'"

"'Tis strange,' said Mr. Wicks thoughtfully, "how religious me wold 'oman be."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Cobb.

"She did tend the bride when her mind did wander," continued the gardener, "and the bride were too far gone to notice that her baby was dead.

"'I be going as a bride,' she said, 'but did forget the name of village.'

"Me woman leant over her.

"'Thee be going as a bride,' she did say. 'The bridegroom awaits you and in woon moment thee'll be saying in Paradise, 'I came as a bride.'"

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by T. F. Powys

The Lonely Lady

MR. JAMES CANDY wished to be a benefactor to mankind. He saw mankind as the inhabitants of his own village of Little Dodder, and he wished to do something for them. But what?

From the £2 a week that he received for having once been a postmaster, Mr. Candy was unable to buy them a new church, which was what the Rev. Thomas Calamy said they wanted, so in that line he could only show his goodwill to good works by allowing Mrs. Candy to play the church organ, which she had not always been able to do without tears.

"You must try again, dear, and don't get nervous," Mr. Candy said one day after a service in which Mrs. Candy had broken down and cried.

He had seen her as she played, and when her little round face became redder than usual and her forehead began to pucker he knew what was coming.

"If you only had been near me," Mrs. Candy said, "I could have done it without crying."

Mr. Candy thought of giving a trough that could be set in the middle of the village from which thirsty dogs or even tired cows might drink. But when he remarked at a meeting upon the sad case of a tired cow he had seen in Little Dodder, everyone coughed. But this did not discourage Mr. Candy, who still believed that one day he would become a benefactor to mankind.

Mr. Candy was a kind-hearted man, and when he found Mr. Huddy, the sexton, looking troubled, he asked what the trouble was.

"Mother Subbins be dead," said Mr. Huddy, "and I don't know where she's to be put."

"There's the churchyard," suggested Mr. Candy mildly.

Mr. Candy followed the sexton there. Mr. Huddy looked down at the grass. "'Tis like a harvest festival," he said, "wi' every pew full."

Mr. Calamy came up at that moment, with his little dog that snuffed about for rats. Mr. Calamy carried a chart of the churchyard in his hand.

"Old Barker must have settled by now," he said, "so Martha Stubbins can go there." Mr. Calamy pointed with his stick to the ground, and the little dog, still thinking of rats, began to burrow. Mr. Candy went home to his wife, who looked at him with quiet approval as he drank his tea.

"I never cry now," she said, "when I play the organ, because you sit so near to me; it was kind of you to move nearer."

Mr. Candy looked at the picture of a ship sailing between blue sea and blue sky, and said excitedly, "My dear, the churchyard is very full."

Mrs. Candy almost jumped off her chair; she wondered what he would say next. She hoped that he wouldn't say that he was going back to his old pew again.

"I should always be remembered in Little Dodder," said Mr. Candy slowly, "if through my efforts the churchyard were enlarged, and I could give the gate to the new field when it is chosen."

Mrs. Candy felt there would be difficulties, and she said softly, "But suppose they had put poor Mrs. Subbins into a plain field, how could she find her way to Heaven?"

"But it would be no more a plain field," said Mr. Candy, "if the Bishop walked over it; it would be the way to Heaven."

Mrs. Candy looked at him lovingly, as she had done for more than thirty years, with never a thought of hers that went against his wishes.

"Yes, dear," she said, "do try."

Mr. Candy called a meeting.

It was decided at the meeting that Mr. Candy should do what he could. Mr. Candy went to visit Squire Blewberry.

"What do they want now?" asked Mr. Blewberry when the representative of Little Dodder was shown into his study. "The've got votes; what more do they want?"

Mr. Candy replied harmlessly enough that they wanted a new churchyard.

Squire Blewberry gave the field, and Mr. Candy had a painted gate prepared for it.

It was a warm autumn day when the Bishop came to consecrate the new field, and his lordship said to Mr. Calamy at luncheon, "Who was it you told me helped so much to get the new field and gave the gate?"

"Mr. Candy," replied the Rev. Thomas Calamy.

"Oh, yes," said the Bishop, "now I remember—Mr. Candy!"

The winter came cold that year, as everyone in Little Dodder expected it to come, because the hedges were full of red berries.

One morning there was fish to fry at the Candys', and Mrs. Candy had decided overnight to get up early. She was wakened up by a pain in her back, but she thought of his breakfast, and so she rose and dressed herself. She touched his cheek before she went down, and he made the noise that he used to make in his sleep when she touched him, but he did not awaken.

The room downstairs was very cold, and the fire would not burn. At first Mrs. Candy shivered, and then she turned hot. She left the fire that would not burn and began to climb the stairs. The pain came again, passing through her like an arrow of fire. There were really eight steps to the stairs, but Mrs. Candy thought they must have increased to a hundred. . . . When Mr. Candy awoke and looked for his wife she was lying in the passage. He got her to bed as well as he could and sent a neighbor for the doctor. At times during her illness Mrs. Candy would look at her husband as she used to do when he sat far down in the church and she couldn't get on with the music. But the look went out at last and Mrs. Candy lay very still.

When Mr. Candy visited the old churchyard to choose a place for his wife to lie, Mr. Calamy, who was there too, pointed to the new field.

"As you have given us the gate, Mr. Candy," he said, "it is only right and proper that your wife should be carried there."

Mr. Candy then saw someone else than the clergyman; he saw a little woman with a round, rosy face, who sat lonely at the organ—with him in a distant pew.

"I would much rather," said Mr. Candy, "that poor Alice should be buried here; don't you think there's a little room under those nettles?"

"No," said the Rev. Calamy sternly, "I promised the Bishop that the very next burial should be there; you know, Mr. Candy, that we must begin with someone."

Mr. Candy had got used to the coffin in his house, and he felt that the little woman inside was still being helped by his being near to her in her loneliness. And even when he walked behind her to the church he felt the same. He had, indeed, hoped for the best when he heard that she must be carried to "that field," which is what Mr. Candy now called the new God's acre. He had hoped that at least it would be close beside the churchyard hedge—but Mr. Huddy thought otherwise.

"Thik grave," said Mr. Huddy to Mr. Calamy, "shall be in the middle."

The new painted gate was opened, and the funeral procession began to cross the field. The blades of grass, with white frost upon them, wondered what new kind of plough this was that, instead of being dragged by horses, had to be carried. The bearers went on, and the larks flew out of the way as the shiny boots disturbed them. When the chosen spot was reached the coffin was lowered and the service read. After the funeral was over Mr. Huddy filled up the grave and left the field by way of the new gate. This he carefully closed, saying to himself, as he did so, "'Tis well to make a beginning."

Mr. Candy appeared to be a little surprised when he found there was no Mrs. Candy waiting for him at home. He lit the fire and made himself some tea, and even ate a little bread and butter.

After tea he stepped over to the harmonium where she used to practise the hymns. The hymn-book was open at the last hymn she had played before her illness. Mr. Candy read the first lines,

> Within the churchyard side by side
> Are many long low graves.

"But she isn't in the churchyard at all," said Mr. Candy aloud, "they've taken Alice to a field."

The moon shone clear, as though the frost had reached it and made it shine the brighter, when Sexton Huddy returned from the inn that same evening.

He entered the old churchyard out of pure love for the place. Everywhere there was shining white coldness, and even the stones glistened with frost.

"Folk be crowded here," said Mr. Huddy.

He left the old churchyard and walked to the new painted gate. In the field there was a man walking. Mr. Huddy was interested; had the man been in the other place he might have been startled, but to see a man walking in a field was natural.

The sexton knew the man, he was Mr. Candy.

At first Mr. Candy walked up and down beside the new grave. After doing so for a while, he walked round the field as though he were pacing a new property as if to see how large it was.

"Mr. Candy be proud of thik field," said Mr. Huddy.

The sexton moved away from the gate; in a little while he turned and looked back.

Mr. Candy was standing by the gate; he stood there for a moment and looked at it, and then he began to walk slowly to the grave again, saying as he walked:

"Alice, Alice, you aren't crying, are you?"

When Mr. Huddy reached his home he said to his wife, "Mr. Candy be proud."

T. F. Powys, one of a noted family of brothers, of whom John Cowper and Llewelyn were known to the American public before his own writings brought him recognition here, has recently come to new prominence through the publication of "Mr. Weston's Good Wine." This portrayal in fiction of the eternal battle between good and evil is a work of power and beauty as well as an unflinchin realistic portrayal of English village life. T stories printed above are two of the twenty-six that are to constitute "The House with the Echo" shortly to be issued by the Viking Press.

In connection with the publication on July 4th of Meredith Nicholson's historical novel of Andrew Jackson, "The Cavalier of Tennessee," the Bobbs-Merrill Company is planning to present to the Hermitage, Jackson's home in Tennessee, a special Jackson Memorial Volume. This volume is to be published in an edition of one copy which will be made up of Mr. Nicholson's original manuscript and illustrated with the most complete and extensive collection of photographs and documents contributed by individuals from all over the world, ever gathered together in a single volume.

The publishers, in order to make the book as complete and perfect in Jacksonian history as possible, are making a general appeal to the public at large, for contributions in the way of illustrative material. Original pictures, photographs, maps, original Jackson manuscripts, legal documents, daguerreotypes, anything pertaining to Andrew Jackson, Rachel Jackson, and the several hundred persons and places and events mentioned in Mr. Nicholson's novel are desired. "The Cavalier of Tennessee" covers Jackson's life from the time of his admission to the bar to his inauguration as the seventh president of the United States. Anyone and everyone who has illustrative material covering this period is cordially invited to submit it to the Bobbs-Merrill Company at Indianapolis, Indiana.

All material received will be submitted to the judges, who are Meredith Nicholson and Mrs. James S. Frazer, Regent of the Ladies Hermitage Association, for approval. For each accepted contribution, the Bobbs-Merrill Company will present a personally inscribed copy of "The Cavalier of Tennessee," with an official notification that the individual contribution will become a part of the historic exhibit with the sender's name and address duly recorded in the memorial volume. Those contributions that cannot be used will be carefully returned to the senders. The book will be exhibited throughout the United States, in libraries, museums, and bookstores before being sent to the Hermitage, where it will remain on permanent public view.

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Books of Special Interest

A Survey of Culture

AMERICA AND FRENCH CULTURE 1750-1848. By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1928. $4.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER
Swarthmore College

THE survey of a culture over a period of one hundred years is a difficult task under any circumstances, especially when that culture is to be studied in terms of its many and varied manifestations rather than merely of its general principles. Dr. Jones has undertaken an even more difficult problem, for in the study of a foreign influence, both that influence and the civilization affected by it must have some sort of preliminary definition or analysis.

The most significant aspect of his work is his statement of his method of approach to this complex problem. There has recently been an increasing tendency among American literary historians to reject the older method of the study of writers and their works in convenient geographical and esthetic groups, chronologically arranged. Instead, literature is to be taken as merely one of many avenues toward an understanding of civilization. Thus, in the work of Parrington, Rusk, and others, social forces receive an extensive consideration, but they are still secondary to their own literary manifestations; in the present work, these background factors become the chief objects of study. Dr. Jones is as much concerned with a revealing fact culled from an obscure newspaper or with the forgotten pages of fashion sheets and cook books as he is with the novels of Cooper or the poems of Bryant—perhaps even more so. He has pushed this point of view as far as it may be pushed—so far, indeed, that he may better be classed as a social than as a literary historian.

There are three aspects of American life, he believes, against which French cultural influences may be studied. These are the cosmopolitan spirit, which revealed itself in the theocratic colonies and the merchant classes of the seaboard; the frontier spirit, in the consideration of which he follows Turner's classic analysis; and finally the middle class spirit which developed from both groups—the product of the industrial revolution in America. If these three groups, says Dr. Jones, "are not the truth, they are something sufficiently near the truth for the pragmatic purposes of this study."

The second step in his introduction is a rapid survey of French immigration to the United States from the times of the explorers to those of 1815-1848, with their miscellaneous emigrés. In this section, as well as in the following, his dependence upon McMaster, Fay, Chinard, and others is heavy. For primary sources he relies chiefly upon contemporary periodicals.

The body of the work itself suggests the barometer's chart more nearly than the architect's plan. French culture is analyzed through its manifestations rather than in terms of an arbitrary definition. It is followed with Boswellian patience and industry through the fields of American language, manners, art, religion (which merges into philosophy and on into educational theory and practice), and finally politics. Each of these topics receives chronological treatment, each is fully documented, and the conclusions of each are briefly summarized.

The final summary presents a "conclusion in which nothing is concluded." Perhaps it were better so, for Dr. Jones's thesis relates more to his method than to any definite conviction about the exact nature or extent of French influence.

> The situation is thus a dynamic rather than a static one. . . . To the frontier type of thinking, the French were simply another effete European nation to which the United States was obviously and providentially superior. To the cosmopolitan classes the regrettable crudities of American life seemed but the more crude beside the polish and superior *savoir faire* of the French. The middle classes vibrated between the two attitudes.

Dr. Jones's work is therefore exceedingly useful as a survey study of an influence which has, until now, received too little attention. It is particularly significant as a statement and an example of an extremist view of the function of the literary historian. It is interesting now because of the recent translation of Professor Fay's similar work on the quarter century following the Declaration of Independence. But it must be followed by many more detailed and more thorough analyses of specific problems before general conclusions may be drawn with any degree of assurance.

Imperialism

IMPERIALISM AND CIVILIZATION. By LEONARD WOOLF. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

WHEN Leonard Woolf writes of international affairs, the result is worth reading. His years of work in that field have placed the power of wide knowledge behind his pen without dulling the fine point of its liberalism. He is as earnest a worker for peace as any of them, but he has more discernment than most.

In the present volume he discusses the relation between imperialism and civilization, a matter which is usually ignored by those who assume to advance civilization by a wholesale condemnation of imperialism. Mr. Woolf is too discriminating to overlook the fact that imperialism has played and is playing a real part in the advancement of civilization.

For him the resulting conflicts are neither racial nor religious. He contends, and fairly well establishes the contention, that the antipathy of Asia and Africa for Europe, while it may be embittered by differences of race and religion, is fundamentally due to the efforts of Europe to impose its industrial civilization upon the agricultural and handicraft civilizations of the Asiatics and the Africans.

But he does not resort to the futility of crying "Halt!" to this process. On the contrary he sees that it must go on whether the Asiatics and Africans like it or not. The real reason for this is that industrialism is not exclusively a characteristic of European civilization. It is an inevitable stage in the evolution of mankind which, for various reasons, happened to make its appearance first in Europe. Europe having become both the master and the servant of this industrialism—and America likewise—they have also become the instruments by which it is spreading itself to other parts of the world. The history of Europe itself would be sufficient, if we did not have ample evidence in Asia and Africa, that the process of industrialization would be just as inevitable, and just as disrupting to the political and social life of the countries concerned, if there were no question of imperialism involved.

Mr. Woolf does not state this in so many words. He rather assumes that industrialism is a feature of European civilization which has endowed it with an irresistible power of expansion over the rest of the globe. But the difference is nominal. His whole treatment of the subject, his reviews of the operations of imperialism in Asia and Africa, and the suggestions he has to make for the future, all apply equally well to either statement of the underlying facts.

The means of betterment which Mr. Woolf suggests is the establishment of the League Mandate System in real accord with the wording of the Covenant, and then its extension to all of the peoples now subject to imperial control. He would substitute for the rule of a single nation, with all its temptations to indulgence in self-interest and all its possibilities of international rivalry, a disinterested international administrative assistance which would guide and counsel the backward nations in their adjustment to the inevitable demands of industrial civilization.

The Mandate System, he says, "is not the dream of some mere idealist. It is the declared policy of the first statesmen of Europe, such brilliant and practical politicians as Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau." Mr. Woolf is destined to run head on into a difference of interpretation here. He will find many who admit that this is the "declared" policy of these statesmen, but who will argue that they *declared* it as a concession to Wilsonian idealism and that their brilliancy and practicality as politicians have been devoted to finding means to evade it in the very manner which Mr. Woolf shows so plainly it has been evaded. This being the case where merely the present mandated areas are involved, it will apparently require a large amount of constructive work before the system could safely be extended to cover all imperial areas. Mr. Woolf does not develop his suggestion along this line.

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A Letter from France

By Abel Chevalley

ROGER MARTIN du GARD is the one contemporary novelist whose ultimate fame seems to be most securely guaranteed by his work and whose work is most certainly assured to survive in the memory of coming generations. His "Jean Barois," published in 1913, was a synthesis of the moral and social state of France as it emerged from the Dreyfus affair and lasted until the war. He has since undertaken and is slowly completing a picture of the after-war period as reflected in the fate of a family, "Les Thibaut" (Gallimard). Five volumes have been published—"Le Cahier Gris" and "Le Penitencier" (1922); "La Belle Saison" (1923); "La Consultation" and "La Sorellina" (1928). Two more are due next fall. The rest of the work is expected to fill two or more of those slender, short, and crisp volumes, finely printed in large type, in which Gallimard parcels out the best of his literary wares.

Nothing that I know of is more representative of this time and country, and fuller of contemporary substance, individual or general, than "Les Thibaut." The two central figures are Jacques and Antoine Thibaut, sons of a *grand bourgeois*, Oscar-Louis. Antoine, a young and prosperous doctor, is the born man of action, still true to the ancestral type of humanity, whose intellect and feeling, issued from *conducts*, retranslate themselves spontaneously, irresistibly, into other *conducts*, often imprevisible, never unexplainable or inexpressible. His ways of being are his ways of doing, and reciprocally his acts are himself.

Jacques, whose adolescence is minutely described in the first two volumes, turns out to be one of those tormented, wilful, and fretful young men whose disagreement with their own selves and fate, whatever it be, is pathetic and ineradicable. He is untranslatable in forms of action. The contact is severed between himself and himself. His behavior is despairingly faulty. He has lost the sense of life and continuity. In him, behold the post-war Romantic and social derelict; in Antoine the post-war moral Fascist, clearer, but not less disquieting and disturbing than his younger brother. Each of them stands in opposition to the spirit of their race still alive through the fifth volume in the person of their father. But Jacques is the most intensely and curiously delineated. He lives as if he was at every moment trying to escape from a mental prison and being led back to the cell of his own nature.

The background of their story is peopled with highly significant figures of the present generation. The characters are not schematized types. They live as individuals. There is an honesty of purpose in "Les Thibaut," an absence of mannerism, a sincerity, an indifference to immediate success, that compel admiration. I have never met Roger Martin du Gard and have not the slightest reason for partiality towards his work. He seems to live in retirement. His last two volumes are dated Bellesmes (Orne). He published his books at long intervals, does not court publicity, or encourage inquirers. But if you are interested in French contemporary life and literature, he is one of the very few living novelists whom you cannot afford to ignore.

He never explains, never teaches. He does not comment on his characters. But you learn more from him than from a whole library of the more fashionable writers who fill the world with their names. You may safely take him as a faithful witness and translator of what is most impenetrable to foreign eyes in the real, silent soul and life of the present generation in France. He is building a solid and lasting monument. What does it matter if we can, in some places, detect some visible joints in the masonry or notice some forgotten pieces of scaffolding? No other writer of the present time is erecting such a spacious mansion.

Richard Bloch offers young authors to his public. Under his direction, M.M. Rieder and Co. are publishing together, in neat and compact volumes, the first works of comparatively unknown novelists. It is a generous idea. But the first-born of the series has disappointed me. The name of Buenzod, a Swiss writer, seems the only one worth retaining.

Dr. Pierre Janet, professor of comparative psychology at the Collège de France is, as everybody knows, one of those who have renovated the study of human mentality. He has now been, for thirty years, a great and growing influence. I will not try to summarize his ideas—that is not my province. But it is useful to know that his fertile lectures of 1927-28 on "Evolution de la Memoire et de la Notion du Temps" are now being published by A. Chahine, rue de Condé, Paris. The related problems of Duration and Time, Memory and History, Action and Fiction are so closely interlocked with those of artistic creation that the publication of M. Pierre Janet's lectures is an event of importance. They have been taken down stenographically and their reproduction is authorized.

"Le Théâtre en France au Moyen-Age. I. Le Théâtre Religieux," by Gustave Cohen, of the Sorbonne (Rieder), will be something of a revelation even to specialists. The rediscovery, or rather the *creation* of an "international" criticism is in its nascent period. Bertaut does not always avoid the high-sounding indefiniteness so strangely combined with definite purposes in a great part of German literature. Crémieux is comparatively clearer and more accessible. His book leaves an impression of fulfilment. He had to deal with a more plastic and definable matter. I cannot imagine histories of contemporary literatures more capable of helping the crystallization of American ideas and criticism on Europe—and America. Italy and Germany have both, before and since their unification, been haunted by a desire for self-identification not yet satisfied. They have lived, are still living, the tragi-comedy of adolescent self-consciousness which I am not sure that America has yet outgrown. The childhood of dramatic art in the Middle Ages is a wonderful story. It has been told by M. Cohen with the exactitude of a scrupulous erudition allied to the insight of a poet and a thinker. Never have the reations between religion and drama, rite and mimic, magic and education, "enchantment" and instruction, symbolism and stage management, been more lucidly demonstrated. Among the fifty-nine plates at the end of the volume will be found the illustrations of the celebrated Arras manuscript, reproduced for the first time.

The panoramas of Italian and German contemporary literature by Benjamin Crémieux and Félix Bertaut (two distinct volumes, published by Simon Kra) are done in the best comparative spirit, full of ideas and sound information, generous and comprehensive and eminently readable in spite of a tendency to excessive abstraction and pseudo-philosophic jargon.

A ship "finds itself" not in harbor but on the high seas. A national literature achieves personality on its way towards universality. Each in his own way, each on his own ground, Crémieux and Bertaut are masters of road-mapping in that direction.

Europe's Necessities

THE NEW COLONIAL POLICY. By Helmer Key. Translated by E. Classen. London: Methuen & Co. Ltd. 1927.

Reviewed by James Creese

THE old contest for a balance of power between nations seems steadily to give way to a new contest for a balance of power between continents. Statistics of production and trade show that there is a tendency for the center of economic activity to shift from the North Atlantic to a new point in the Pacific. "Europe must either organize and unite or perish," is the cheerful prophecy of Joseph Caillaux. Europe's interests in the matter of international debts, for instance, and the not unrelated problems of emigration seem undeniably opposed to those of the rest of the world, especially opposed to the interests of America. Our doors are inevitably closing to emigration; in Europe there is a pressure of over-population.

From a calm and neutral place of observation in Stockholm, Dr. Helmer Key surveys Europe and her lines of communication with the rest of the world. He is the chief editor of the influential daily *Svenska Dagbladet* and he has at his service an efficient international correspondence. In an earlier book, "European Bankruptcy and Emigration," Dr. Key sought a solution of the reparation problem in the development of new colonial markets by emigration. His latest book is a European definition for Europeans of "The New Colonial Policy" and opens more widely the view into conditions of over-population and unemployment. He shows in perspective the various national ambitions for new colonial markets and relates these to the war debts as modified by the Dawes plan.

The nations of Europe have moved independently and competitively to find outlet for their populations and their products. "No one dreams of going to war," Dr. Key quotes Luigi Villari's "The Fascist Experiment," "against this or that Power, but unless some satisfaction is given to Italy's aspiration towards colonial expansion a cause of international unrest will remain. The whole civilized world needs the development of the vast fertile empty spaces existing in the various continents." By Mussolini's count, the births in the Italian population of forty million exceed the deaths by 440,000 annually. Mussolini has several plans for the absorption of the surplus population: "emigrazione interna" for the settlement of neglected areas in Sardinia, Sicily, and Calabria; colonies in Tripoli and Cyrenaica whence pressure bears against French Tunis and the long-desired mandate in Asia Minor; and permanently Italian colonies beyond the seas, in Brazil and the Argentine, privately financed by such corporations as the Compania Italo Argentina de Colonizacion or by Italian shipping companies to whom would be granted a transport monopoly. One form of control is rejected. "As our population increases," Mussolini said to one of Dr. Key's correspondents, "there are three outlets: to condemn ourselves to voluntary sterility—and Italians are too intelligent for that; to wage war; or to place our surplus population elsewhere."

In the British Empire, on the other hand, "the great preponderance of the colonial population constitutes an ever threatening menace to the existence of the scant white population." "The fact that the colonies accomodate a relatively large population, comprising in all 450 millions, is in this case only a disadvantage," Dr. Key maintains, "for this population is mainly colored." Two-thirds of the white citizens of the British empire, 40 millions out of 67 millions, still live within the relatively small area of Great Britain and Ireland. Her dominions and colonies receive coldly the home government's programmes for further colonization. They have objected that the government sought to reduce unemployment at home without consulting the needs of the dominions; where agriculturalists were needed only unemployed industrial workers were sent.

Germany, Dr. Key believes, can spare agricultural labor now; but she has no colonies to which they can be sent. It is especially in Germany that the problem of over-population relates itself to that of international debts. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, also has written on "Neue Kolonialpolitik." "The Dawes plan," he has said, "can not be executed unless, at the same time, Germany is allowed a great colonial development. The Allies can not in the long run accept German goods in payment." Germany requires new colonial markets and access to cheap colonial foodstuffs and raw materials. Mandated colonies, if they were to be had, might today prove too costly for Germany. Since Chancellor Luther visited the Argentine, Peru, and Chile in 1926, German interest in the possibilities of colonization has turned to these countries and Mexico.

It is inevitable that Dr. Key should write at times as though all the world outside of Europe existed to minister to Europe's needs. He proposes to impinge on foreign nations solid national European colonies, some of them even using European currency. He looks to modern science, and perhaps American finance, to open the tropics more and more to white colonization.

Much of the capital which Americans have placed, and still endeavor to place in Europe, would be of much greater use if it were employed instead in carefully prepared enterprises in oversea countries, where markets for the industries of the world can be developed.

Writing of Rousseau in the Manchester *Guardian*, Harold J. Laski, says: "It is strange, perhaps, that so little attention has been given to the anniversary which has just passed of the death of Rousseau, because, if the world was amazed at him in his lifetime, it has not ceased to wonder at him since his death. Of few men can it be asserted so positively that his thought was action. His passionate insight into a world where he was never happy brought a new world into existence. He made it possible for men to dream new dreams. He gave them the capacity for emotions fuller and more exquisite than they had before known. With him there emerged into art and philosophy a sense of the significance of individual personality ampler and more profound than in anything of an earlier time. There is no aspect of human life upon which he did not set his mark. Often enough, he saw wrongly, even indefensibly; but the world is a different place because he reported what he saw with so supreme an art. It is difficult to think of any writer between the Reformation and our own day whose influence has been so widespread or so significant."

Austin Harrison, author, critic and f
editor of *The English Review*, died rec
Mr. Harrison was a son of the late Frederic
Harrison, and among his varied publications
was a life of his father. He wrote "The
Pan-Germanic Doctrine," "England and
Germany," "Lifting Mist" and "Pandora's
Hope."

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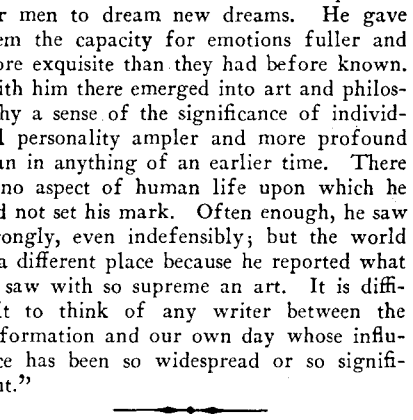
JEROME
OR THE
LATITUDE OF LOVE
By MAURICE BEDEL



JEROME, French, and therefore the perfect lover, playwright and so an authority on life, young and filled with illusions—meets UNI, daughter of cold Norway, female and to be treated chivalrously, young and, of course, unsophisticated. But Jerome's idea of the latitude of love was not the same as Uni's. . . .

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25 West 45th Street, New York City

Points of View

The "Life" of Oscar Wilde

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The interesting letter from Mr. Gilbert M. Weeks—who has my sincere sympathy in having been misled into the purchase of the new "Life of Oscar Wilde" since he has revealed to us that it is but a reprint of an old and uncorrected Life written by Sherard which he already possessed—does something towards the clearing up of the mystery in which I, and I feel sure the general public with me, am as they are, hopelessly at sea—the various lives and editions of the lives of Oscar Wilde written by Robert Sherard. Mr. Weeks seems the very man to lay bare the mystery. I frankly confess that I have failed to solve it, but I have made no effort to collect these editions.

The life of Oscar Wilde has been written by several authors, but whilst each gives details not to be found in Sherard's latest book—latest as I thought until I read Mr. Weeks—I think that Mr. Weeks would agree with me that so far Sherard has given us in his careless fashion the best picture of the man. Mr. Weeks tells us that this latest published Life is not a new work but "a new impression from the now aged plates of 1906," and I am convinced that he speaks with authority. Will he unravel the knot for us in your columns and once and for all clear up the mystery?

Now we can all understand that the name of Oscar Wilde was a far from savory one during his last years and probably for a few years after his death in 1900; but is this new Life by Sherard the same as the "original edition privately printed" to which Sherard himself refers in his introduction dated 1902 in my copy of the futile volume "Oscar Wilde, the Story of an Unhappy Friendship" of which Greening published the second impression in 1905? I have not seen the first impression, but let that pass. The reference to "a privately printed" Life by Sherard himself at or about the same time looks as if the publishers still dreaded to publish that privately printed Life; but if this latest Life be only a new impression of it, one is astonished at the timidity of the publishers and at the need for the private printing, for it would be hard to discover in this volume that I reviewed in your columns anything actionable at law or likely to lower public morals.

I confess I was puzzled by Sherard's omission to state what is common knowledge, that Wilde had been reburied in Paris; but by the time I came to Wilde's death I had already trespassed sadly on your valuable space and in any case Mr. Weeks will surely realize that I was reviewing what was in the book and not what was outside it, or I should have been justified in going on to the Sphinx monument by Epstein which created such an uproar, especially when some waggish youth unfixed and carried off the fig-leaf, which public opinion had compelled upon the Sphinx, and appeared wearing it instead—to the unholy joy of the artists' quarter. Poor Oscar! he was doomed to live and die and be buried in a perpetual farce.

By the way, it is curious as showing Wilde's strange limitations as "I, the lord of language," that he spelt Sphinx with the schoolgirl's mistake of Sphynx, and that Sherard repeats it. I suppose we all have a blind spot.

Also let me add that my review was hand-written, and your plagued printers made three or four very obvious errors—first in reading Wilde's age at the production of "Lady Windermere's Fan" in 1892 as being fifty-eight where I wrote thirty-eight, for, as Mr. Weeks points out, Wilde was only forty-six when he died eight years thereafter—nexts in spelling Whistler as Whyther—then in "arranging" Wilde in elegant attire instead of "arraying" him therein—and in giving "The Duchess of Padua" as an "insult" instead of a "result" of Wilde's trying to rival the Elizabethan dramatists, though I agree with the printers that the play was an insult to dramatic intelligence. However, I freely and from my heart forgive the printers as I hope to heaven they forgive me—for I fear that, like Charles Surface's uncle, I write "a damned disinheriting hand."

However, to get back to the mystery of Sherard's various Lives of Oscar Wilde: Mr. Weeks tell us that there was a third edition of the book just published which appeared in 1911, revised by Sherard and brought up to date. Would Mr. Weeks settle the whole trouble by telling us precisely when the different Lives by Sherard were published, when the several editions, and particularly with reference to the mysterious "privately printed" Life which I for one have never been able to discover? He would do us all a service, and he would do it whilst Sherard is still alive to correct any mistake about it.

I agree with Mr. Weeks that the portraits are very poor, but I was merciful as I attributed this to the paper on which they were produced as this often "lets down" quite good plates. And I agree with Mr. Weeks, as indeed I agree with nearly all he says, that interesting as the book is, for all its shortcomings, to those of us who have never seen the various editions, I cannot understand why an early edition was reprinted when there was a corrected third edition of 1911 unless the publishers, like myself, were unaware of that later edition.

One or two biographers, less gallant than Sherard, have blamed Oscar Wilde's wife for being an empty nonentity. It is indeed said that Wilde's waggery in one of his plays, about a woman who always looks like a bird of Paradise that has been out in the rain all night, was meant for his wife. I lately met a brilliant society woman who knew the Wildes very intimately and did much to shield the two unfortunate boys from the brunt of the infamy that their father had brought upon their innocent heads; and she, too, strangely enough seemed to think that Wilde's poor wife, had she had a little more intelligence, might have saved the man from himself. I doubt it. He was passionately devoted to his mother, who, Heaven knows, was fantastic enough to have roused his contempt where she only won his homage, but even Speranza could not influence his way of life a tittle, except on the one occasion when she did persuade him not to fly from the storm though it was wide gossip that the powers that be gave him every facility and would have been glad to be rid of him out of the country.

I appreciate Mr. Weeks's kindly tribute to my review and his suggestion that I should write the Life of Wilde, but I hope that when the book appears in which I am relating the Decadents to the period which produced them, he will find Oscar Wilde in his true perspective. He will not have long to wait.

HALDANE MACFALL.

London.

Wilde Again

To the editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

As a temporary visitor to this country—thence a temporary but delighted reader of the *Saturday Review of Literature* it seemed hardly worth while correcting some of the inaccuracies of Mr. Haldane Macfall's review of Sherard's "Life of Oscar Wilde"—I notice however that a correspondent has already written, so it is perhaps excusable to add a few words. Both your contributors seem careless as to dates. Wilde was born in 1856 and therefore was forty-four at his death in 1900 (dates in "Dictionary of National Biography" and "Encyclopædia Britannica"). Mr. Macfall, I fancy, gathered most of the data of his article not from the book under review, but from the far better biography by Frank Harris, though where he got the detail about the "troop (or was it troops?) of natural children of Sir William Wilde is hard to guess. Mr. Macfall, following perhaps the lead of Joseph Pennell, suggests that all Wilde's esthetic ideas and theories were stolen from the master esthete, Whistler. If any student will take the trouble to read "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" (1890) and "Ten O'Clock" (1885) and compare these with Wilde's "Lectures in America" (1882-1886) and with "Intentions" (1890) it should be plain that, though both men have ideas in common, Mr. Macfall's scornful pretense that Wilde stole Whistler's thunder will be very difficult to sustain. I believe that if one could rid one's mind of the sinister associations of the author's name, and read "The Critic as Artist" with the single aim of seizing on its ideas for their own sake—that it would be recognized for what it is—one of the subtlest and finest pieces of esthetic criticism we have (not excepting "The Splendid Wayfaring" of Mr. Haldane Macfall). Wilde has been unfortunate in his biographers as in life he was unfortunate in his friends. The suggestions that Mr. Macfall should add another biography is singularly inopportune as his review shows him to be temperamentally unjust to his subject. The main influences observable in Wilde's acute and brilliant criticism are Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, and Plato, and, in a less degree, Pater. It is time we had a serious critical estimate of his esthetic theories.

It is perhaps trifling to correct, but the paper Wilde edited for Cassells was the *Woman's World*, not the *Lady's Magazine*. Only Mr. MacFall can explain why it is so essentially comic for an Irishman to have Irish names.

ALEC MILLER.

Locust Valley, L. I.

Scientific Writing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Our sympathy goes out to Mr. T. Swann Harding for feeling obliged, as a conscientious reviewer must, to read all—or at any rate all the titles—of the articles in "The Newer Knowledge of Bacteriology and Immunology." We regret that he finds it "decidedly a tome," but are duly grateful that he does not stigmatize it as "a mere tome."

As a matter of fact scientific writing may be intentionally for a limited audience, equipped with visual images, conversant with elementary principles, and familiar with scientific shorthand. Or it may be designed to popularize the results of scientific investigation for "others who know nothing of these esoteric fields." It does not necessarily follow that a writer who uses a particular method of presentation for a scientific audience is as incapable as Mr. Harding assumes of using a different and equally successful method for a lay audience. Has he ever compared the style of Huxley's Essays with that of his "Manual of Vertebrate Anatomy?" We may even remind him that one Paul de Kruif has written a best seller, "Microbe Hunters," and also an article on "Stable Suspensions of Autoagglutinating cultures of Type G, bacillus of his findings with the sentence: "Autoagglutinating cultures of Type G. bacillus of rabbit septicemia, can be rendered stable by suspension in glycocoll-acetate-phosphate buffer mixture pH 7.5 and 7.1."

It makes a difference what one is trying to do, and it seems as if *The Saturday Review* might have understood that Dr. Noguchi, Dr. Zinsser, and other contributors to "The Newer Knowledge of Bacteriology and Immunology" were not in this instance writing for the purpose of providing intellectual titillation for the leisure hours of the technically uninformed. Towards the end of Mr. Harding's disquisition on the literary style of scientific writers (although he does at one point mention "the book under review"), it seems to dawn upon him that perhaps a mistake has been made in asking him to function as reviewer, and he ventures to express the hope that "to the inner circle it should be a valuable reference book."

Mr. Harding complains that the book is "devoid of humor." We ourselves, in re-examining some of the most carefully written articles, find not a single humorous touch. This is an oversight now difficult to rectify completely, but we would recommend as a partial amelioration of the "austerity" of the "tome" that purchasers paste in Mr. Harding's review and turn to it for relaxation when any contributor's manner of presentation becomes "too depressing for words."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

SHORT CIRCUITS. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. Dodd, Mead. 1928.

This new miscellany of Leacock's is not his most obstreperous or successful humor, though one will find food for laughter therein. Leacock's humorous books number nearly twenty now, and even the best of drolls, as he has been at times, cannot maintain the pace forever. On the other hand, any book of Leacock's for an idle hour is better than none. Take his revamping of the old songs in "Children's Poetry Revisited," some of his observations in "Save Me from My Friends," and so on. They would brighten any gray afternoon. The way of the professional humorist with a reputation is hard, for his audience continuously expects him to keep hitting on all six —or eight—cylinders. His best, on the other hand, springs from a spontaneous idiocy, an inspired lunacy, which cannot be constantly controlled. We are glad, nevertheless, that Leacock continues to put forth his work. For we are sure there are other inspired flashes yet to come.

Biography

THE ASSASSINATION OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. By SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM. Privately Printed. New York: The Tenney Press, 35 West 17th Street.

Mr. Tannenbaum here offers a new view concerning the demise of the great author of "Tamburlaine." We shall not expound his theory here, as his pamphlet is worth buying for this exposition. It is scholarly and the development of his theory has received the attention and aid of authorities.

DUNS SCOTUS. By C. R. S. HARRIS. Oxford University Press. 1927. 2 vols. $15.

This is the first recorded work to be written in English—to the shame of the British Isles be it said—upon one of the greatest of British philosophers. Duns Scotus, "the Subtile Doctor" of the fourteenth century, whose name was known to the unenlightened wits of a later generation merely as the original of the word "Dunce," has had his full share on the Continent of the recent renewed interest in medieval philosophy. But this interest, largely a product of the Catholic Neo-Scholastic movement, has not yet penetrated deeply either England or America, where there are still writers to be found who refuse the title of philosopher to any of the medieval thinkers or who make a solitary exception in favor of Aquinas. Mr. Harris has therefore performed a real service in this study of a great man forgotten in his own land for centuries.

The two large volumes of Mr. Harris's work are detailed and well-documented. A special merit lies in their elaborate footnotes, containing comparative passages from many lesser medieval philosophers whose writings are difficult of access. If his statement that the Scholastic philosophy reached its highest point of development in Scotus rather than in Aquinas must be looked upon as a bit of parental exaggeration, nevertheless he succeeds in showing that Scotus was on many points the more critical of the two thinkers. Curiously enough, he also shows that, if anything, Scotus was more closely in touch with Catholic needs than was the rival whom the Church has chosen as its orthodox defender. It is no reproach to Mr. Harris that he has borrowed freely—with full acknowledgments — from the writings of Werner, Prantl, Minges, Grabmann, Gilson, and others; rather he is to be reproached that he has not utilized their work more thoroughly. His inclusion in the Scotist canon of several writings which have been adjudged spurious by the most recent group of Continental critics—particularly his rejection of Longpré's argument against the "De Rerum Principio" partially on the ground that to accept it "would alter considerably our conception of Scotus's position"—was surely ill-advised. The weight of present authority is against him, and the fact that he bases many of his conclusions on these doubtful works makes it necessary to use his volumes with a caution which would otherwise have been needless.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL. By *Hugh Rodman*. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

Fiction

THE BLADE OF PICARDY. By FRED MCLAUGHLIN. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.

The setting of this tale is Mexico during the fall of Maximilian's empire. Wholly conventional, the novel goes through the commonplaces of honor, love, and sword-play competently and exhaustively. Mr. McLaughlin writes respectably enough to evade specific adverse criticism, but he gives us nothing whatsoever that might by the most charitable be called fresh or interesting.

ONCE MORE, YE LAURELS. By DAVID CORT. Day. 1928. $2.

For many reasons this book is to be highly commended. It is a first novel that does well—very well—by its author; it shows him to be a writer of originality, power, and trustworthy literary instinct. If he fails at any point it is because his patterns are intrusive and because his work lacks a certain human warmth. But his virtues are definite and gratifying.

The novel is the chronicle, through five generations, of a frustrated family; each generation misses artistic success by the smallest of margins. The last, to whom Mr. Cort devotes half the book, is in a way the sum of the futilities of the four preceding generations. This last failure, Dorney Dorney-Peters, is not an appealing young man, but the history of his impotence becomes an arresting narrative.

The dominant impression left by "Once More, Ye Laurels" is that of Mr. Cort's resolute artistry. The novel is so carefully planned and executed that it becomes patently artificial, but this excess of form is better—how much better only a book reviewer knows!—than the wandering, undecided chronicles that are commonly endured. Tight, trim, careful, Mr. Cort's first novel is welcome for its notable craftsmanship, and welcome no less for its gracious exposition of defeat.

THE WOMAN WHO INVENTED LOVE. By GUIDA DA VERONA. Dutton. 1928. $2.50.

Guido da Verona is one of Italy's best sellers today although his name, like that of Ibáñez in Spain—and with even better reason—evokes the smiles of the *literati*. At home, it is generally said that his public consists of shopgirls and idle women. His sales, however, are too large to substantiate that charge. No, the man is versatile, clever, and commercial-minded. A writer of the "speak-you-cursed-woman" school, he provides inhibited and frustrated readers with vicarious emotions. And he knows that long, perverse, voluptous kisses pay.

This is the story of the daughter of a usurer, an "ambiguous, complicated woman," who marries a titled lover and then, in order to hold his favor and for other reasons too inscrutable to chronicle, yields to the advances of an old Roman prince and "invents love" for him. It is a pleasure to relate that she meets in the end with a highly satisfactory and richly deserved death. Before that, however, revenge, jealousy, passion, rape, and murder have deliquesced in an atmosphere of cheap salacity. The result is a lush mess guaranteed to please anyone with a taste for overripe fruit.

Juvenile

MISS ANGELINA ADORABLE. By *Mary Graham Bonner*. Bradley. $1.50.

THE PUMPKIN SHELL. By *Estelle Thomson*. San Diego: Canterbury. $2.50.

TALES OF TROY AND GREECE. By *Andrew Lang*. Longmans, Green. $2.

THE SWORDS OF THE VIKINGS. By *Julia Davis Adams*. Dutton. $2.50.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF. By *Francis Lynde*. Scribner's. 1928. $2.

BARRY GOES TO COLLEGE. By *Earl Reed Silvers*. Appleton. 1928. $1.75.

KATAHDIN CAMPS. By *C. A. Stephens*. Houghton Mifflin.

PEGGY TAKES A HAND. By *Gladys Allen*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By *Howard Hicks*. Macmillan. $1.50.

JUPIE FOLLOWS HIS TALE. By *Neely McCoy*. Macmillan. $1.75.

THE BEGGING DEER. By *Dorothy Rowe*. Macmillan. $2.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Foreign

(*Continued from preceding page*)

LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE CONTEMPORAINE. By ANDRÉ BILLY. Paris: Colin. 1927.

It is hard to escape a certain feeling of melancholy in perusing a fairly complete history of contemporary literature, or at least not to ask with Leconte de Lisle: "What is all that which is not eternal?" When Renan made his famous remark about the study of literary history replacing the study of literature, was he fresh from a book like André Billy's? This little volume of two hundred pages discusses the poetry, the novel, and the ideas of the twentieth century, and passes in review some six hundred contemporaries. Unlike René Lalou, who would record his rather severe judgment of the merit of his subjects, our author declares that his aim is to give to each and all credit for effort.

Now of effort he finds God's plenty. He is a useful, although slightly superficial guide across the labyrinth. He groups his writers according to the tendencies they represent. For the poets we have the various schools of the small change of symbolism. There is sufficient quotation from the leaders to enable us to form some conception of their aims. The second part, dealing with the novel, is less satisfactory for, in his zeal for completeness, M. Billy offers little more than an annotated bibliography. Lack of an index renders this almost valueless even for reference. Yet the brief introductions to the various *genres* are occasionally suggestive. For instance: "With the English, adventure has always a healthy, sportive character, while with us, taste for adventure betrays a morbid sensibility." That will at least start us to thinking of exceptions—which may prove the rule. And again: "The provincial novel is generally pessimistic; the regionalistic is optimistic . . . . The so-called Parisian literature is in its decadence, while the provincial is enjoying an unprecedented vogue. For, as Paris becomes more and more cosmopolitan, it seems that the provinces are awakening to their essential originality."

The last part of the book, in which the main currents of thought are traced, would be more successful if the author had sacrificed minor efforts to give a fuller treatment to the true champions. In the conclusion the disappearance of poetry is noted and explained by the fact that excitement is overabundant in modern life. "We feel less the need of asking from lyricists the hour of forgetfulness which a dash in the automobile offers us."

UNE PROVINCIALE EN 1830. By MARCELLE TINAYRE. Paris: Hachette. 1928.

Madame Tinayre's latest volume inaugurates a series entitled "A Hundred Years Ago." It is founded on family records to which a slight color has been added—romantic biographies are the rage at present and this one evokes a certain nostalgia. At least we wonder how much romancing will be required in the year 2030 to make our age appear as charming. So many thrills were possible when so many taboos fenced about the education of an "accomplished young person"! The author's great-great-grandmother was a masterful woman "very terrible and very good," unencumbered with the new-fangled notions introduced by Rousseau, very punctilious in her observance of the code of provincial nobility, possessing withal a keen eye for business. Yet in theory she held that woman was made to obey and to suffer,—and she endeavored to bring up her daughter Naïs accordingly. Hence the rapture of the daughter at her first surreptitious contact with the young romantic literature, devoured at night by the light of candle ends, with the constant danger of detection.

An indulgent father and an uncle, a beau of the old régime by no means ready to renounce his pretensions to charm, complete the household. At the age of seven Naïs is sent to a convent where the mother had learned to tread the straight and narrow path. But even convents will change, and one of the sisters holds her wards spellbound with occasional bits of Chateaubriand's "Genius of Christianity." A distant relative of Naïs is her only playmate. The girls are utterly different, for Palma has been "educated" according to the principles of "Émile." (The quotations are from Naïs' mother.) A cousin from Paris falls heir to the halo emanating from glimpses of the romantic heroes, but wiser heads never confounded love with the serious business of family responsibilities. So the last page of the book is the wedding announcement of Naïs and an iron manufacturer whose official visit is recorded at the end of the preceding chapter. The variety of characters and the sympathetic rendering of the atmosphere of the time when romanticism was a rosy infant make this little volume as entertaining as instructive.

ANTHOLOGIE DE LA NOUVELLE POÉSIE AMÉRICAINE. By EUGENE JOLAS. Paris: Kra. 1928.

The tendency of the French to disregard literatures other than their own has, since the war, been replaced by a great interest in activity abroad, particularly in America. The first wave of translations emphasized the novel; from J. O. Curwood to Sherwood Anderson our storytellers have been carried across the sea; it is therefore pleasing to note that Kra have supplemented their "Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poésie Française" with an even fuller "Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poésie Américaine." It is fitting that French poets, whose work, in the original or in translation, has so largely influenced our own versification, should have an opportunity to examine the American output (though Bernard Fay, who mentions the debt in his preface, might have indicated, in passing, the earlier French levy on Poe); and it is hard to imagine a better man for the task, both of selection and of translation, than Eugène Jolas, who is in a sense a native of both countries, and is a poet in both tongues.

The anthology, deliberately broad in its scope, represents 126 American poets, omitting, of widely known names, only Clement Wood. Among the minors, the editor's personal taste (he is editor of *transition*) accounts for the large sprinkling of radicals; and indeed the greater number of his triumphs in translation are in free verse. E. E. Cummings is admirably caught; T. S. Eliot's "Portrait of a Lady" also; while portions of Harriet Monroe's "The Hotel" match sound and meaning more effectively than the original. (Often a second-rate poet improves in translation.) It is to be regretted that, in the regular forms, M. Jolas does not more often reproduce rhyme and meter, for where he does he is at times surprisingly successful; who would expect, for example, the surging and shifting pulsebeats of Vachel Lindsay's "The Congo" to flow into a language so differently rhythmic from our own as French?

Save for Robert Frost, the better-known poets are presented through their best known work: Robinson by "Richard Corey"; Eli Siegel by "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana"; Jeffers by the climax of "Roan Stallion"; Edna St. Vincent Millay by "God's World." The poets themselves range from the earliest of our now established contemporaries to those more recently recognized: Countée Cullen, Langston Hughes, George Dillon, Isidore Schneider; and beyond to writers—Bravig Imbs, James Feibleman, Evan Shipman—whose names are almost as new to us as to the French. A fuller study of our important poets will doubtless be accorded later; for a first panoramic view of American verse, M. Jolas's volume has rich reward for the French—and somewhat to suggest to ourselves.

SPINOZA. By *Charles Appuhn*. Paris: Delpeuch.
FLORANTE AND LAURA. By *Epifanio de los Santos*. By *George St. Clair*. Manila: Philippine Education Co.

History

IN QUEST OF THE WESTERN OCEAN. By NELLIS M. CROUSE. Morrow. 1928. $6.50.

This is a one-volume attempt to summarize the efforts of explorers to discover a way round or through the New World. It deals mainly with the English who tried to go around the continent, and with the French who tried to cross it. Little is said of the Portuguese and Spanish, since they abandoned their endeavors at an early period. The book begins with John Cabot, touches on the Cortereals and the voyage of Breton fishermen to Newfoundland, goes at some length into Cartier's discovery of the St. Lawrence, and discusses early cartography. It continues with the English attempts at the Northwest passage in the sixteenth century—with the Muscovy Company, Humphrey Gilbert, Frobisher, and Davis. The traditions of the fictitious Strait of Anian, which blend at last with Bering Straits, are noted.

The early and long-continued belief in the proximity of the South Sea to the Atlantic Ocean is discussed, from the early Virginian explorations, through the attempts of Champlain, to the voyage of La Salle, Joliet, Marquette, and Hennepin. It shows how the desire to reach the East was a constant factor in exploration, as when the English crossed the Appalachians from Virginia, expecting to find the ocean just beyond the mountains, and how it was fundamental in the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company. It continues the narrative to 1770 and concludes with the discovery of the Coppermine River by Hearne.

It is not a simple task that the author has attempted. He has done a great deal of research, and while many of the questions with which he deals are more or less controversial, he has dealt fairly with them. The book is a manual primarily. There is no romance in it; the great spirit which moved these explorers has roused no kindred eloquence in the author. He treats his subject matter like a pedagogue in the classroom. Perhaps this is inevitable due to the amount of material to be crowded into a small compass, yet one feels that it is not so that John Fiske or Francis Parkman would have done the work.

Miscellaneous

THE LITTLE BOOKS OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE. Vols. 1-12. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. 75 cents each.

The first dozen of these booklets—ultimately to "cover all subjects of all times"—are: "Protestantism," by Dean Inge; "Catholicism," by the Rev. M. C. D'Arcy; "The Life of Christ," by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, "Myths of Greece and Rome," by Jane Harrison; "The Development of Political Ideas," by F. J. C. Hearnshaw; "A History of India," by Edward Thompson; "The Earth, the Sun and the Moon," by George Forbes; "The Mind and Its Workings," by C. E. M. Joad; "The Body," by Ronald Campbell Macfie; "The Races of Mankind," by H. J. Fleure; "Man in the Making," by R. R. Marett, and "A History of Russia," by Prince D. S. Mirsky. They are really "little books," containing only about seventy pages each. What can one say in seventy pages on such large topics? A good deal, if one has been carefully selected and properly coached as the authors of these volumes evidently have been. They have steered a bold and successful course between the Scylla of sketchiness and the Charybdis of over-condensation. Naturally, the print is rather small, but it is a delight to have a book which is so easy to handle and which can even be thrust into a pocket.

THE GREAT ROLL OF THE PIPE for the Fourteenth Year of the Reign of King Henry the Third. Michaelmas, 1230. Edited by CHALFANT ROBINSON. Princeton University Press. 1927.

There are two sorts of books concerned with history: the first sort contains historical narratives; the second contains the materials out of which historians make historical narratives. The writers of the first expect to find readers and even hope to make money. But the editors of such a volume as this, which is the forty-second volume of the Publications of the Pipe Roll Society, using infinite patience and laboriously acquired skill, must find their reward in a sense of service rendered to history and the appreciation of a very limited number of fellow craftsmen.

Interesting things there are in this record of taxation which raised the money for the English invasion of France seven hundred years ago, but they are disguised, in the manuscript, under symbols, with many contractions and condensations, and a technical Latin.

"The Great Roll of the Pipe" contains the record of the annual accounting by the sheriff of what had been spent, of what the king's debtors had paid, and of what they owed. For instance, there is here recorded the expense of arming the accused persons who were to have trial by battle and also the equipment of the king's *probator*, who won his own pardon from the gallows by fighting for the crown in legal duels which were really an appeal to the justice of God, who would not, it was believed, allow the innocent to be overthrown. Here are curious records of payments made to the king, not in money, but in a very miscellaneous list of articles, hawks, dogs, horses, gilded spurs, gloves, arrows, pepper, or cranes. Just what use the king made of the cranes does not appear, unless they were to be chased by the hawks. In short, the volume is a mine of information about the life of men long dead.

A hundred pages of index, in double column, of names, places, and subjects, including the modern equivalents of the thirteenth century place names helps the use of a volume edited with great accuracy and scholarship by Professor Robinson.

Philosophy

INSTINCTS AND EMOTIONS. By ROGER W. BABSON. Revell. 1928. $2.

The author of "Insticts and Emotions" is a psychologist in the same sense that the man who sells you your newspaper is a journalist. Here is a startling psychological fact: how does it happen that a man trained in the coolest and most objective of sciences, namely statistics, in which precision, objectivity, controls, are the very essence of appropriate technique, will so completely fail to carry over into another department of knowledge these precious trainings and precautions? An important discovery of experimental psychology, rather disheartening to the educator, is the demonstration of little or no "transfer of training." There is no intellectual guarantee that a man who proves himself superior in methods of thinking in mathematics will *therefore* reveal an equal competence when he discusses history or heredity. In the latter cases he may simply prove himself a babe in arms, as James Harvey Robinson sagely pointed out in his "Mind in the Making."

A psychologist with a decent respect for accuracy in the use of concepts will not sanction Babson's loose-tongue use of "instincts." His attitude towards his subject has a Y. M. C. A. and pseudo-spiritual hortatory flavor. He sanctions religious dogmas that are no longer meaningful to educated minds. His salesman-like solicitude for the soul's salvation does not commend itself to the critical mind as either profound or psychologically valid. In parts this book is a contribution to what might be delicately referred to as consolatory buncombe. Unfortunately, there is a growing tendency in prosperous America to endow psychology with magic properties for making men healthy, wealthy, and wise. It will soon be necessary for psychologists possessed of intellectual integrity to take a firm stand against the rapid spreading invasion of their significant field of inquiry by a group of writers to whom the new psychology is magic and religion.

THE METAPHYSIC OF PRAGMATISM. By *Sidney Hook*. Open Court. $2.
PSYCHOLOGY AS SCIENCE. By *H. P. Weld*. Holt. $2.50.
PSYCHOLOGY. By *H. L. Hollingworth*. Appleton. $3.
PHILISOPHY TODAY. Edited by *Edward Leroy Schaub*. Open Court. $3.75.
THE FIVE GREAT PHILOSOPHIES OF LIFE. By *William de Witt Hyde*. Macmillan. $2.50.
A PHILOSOPHY OF IDEALS. By *Edgar Sheffield Brightman*. Holt. $2.
PSYCHOLOGY, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By *George Sidney Brett*. Longmans, Green. $1.75.

Poetry

SONGS OF INFANCY AND OTHER POEMS. By MARY BRITTON MILLER. Macmillan. 1928.

The poems that give their title to this book contain the most original idea, although some of them are in too mature a language to suggest the infant. They are not as successful as Elizabeth Madox Roberts's poems of a slightly later age of childhood in "Under the Tree." When the author writes in her own person she does not seem to us to write so differently in manner, though to be sure the matter is different. In general, this book has made but slight impression upon us, though the general idea of the infancy poems interested us at once. The intuitive imagination in the verses does not seem to us extraordinary.

(*Continued on page 14*)

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

The Wits' Weekly will appear next week.

Competition No. 39. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short lyric imitating the mood and manner of Mr. A. E. Housman. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of August 13.)

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

F. A. W., New York, writes, "I understand that there is a good classical dictionary, a German translation, I believe, that is superior to other such works."

OSCAR SEYFFERT'S "Dictionary of Classical Antiquities, Mythology, Religion, Literature, and Art" is published by the Standard Book Co., New York, revised edition nine dollars. The one most used in libraries seems to be "Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities," edited by Harry Thurston Peck, published by the American Book Company for eight dollars. The one most popular for desk and school use is the inexpensive "Smaller Classical Dictionary" in "Everyman's Library" (Dutton), abridged from the grand old standby, Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology."

F. G. H., Chapel Hill, N. C., asks for a book dealing with table manners, "one that gives every detail of the art of mannerly eating," and if no book deals entirely with this subject, would like a book of etiquette that could be highly recommended.

HELEN HATHAWAY'S "Manners" (Dutton) could be highly recommended by me, and has been to several inquirers by mail. It goes into details to an extent that many a book on behavior scorns to do, forgetting, perhaps, that when one is confronted with a social problem new to him it helps him not at all that it is an old story to numbers of other people. Indeed, the sense that he is the only person left on earth who does not know what to do on this occasion is usually what sends him to an etiquette book. So the section on table manners, though by no means long, leaves very little to chance.

The motto of Miss Hathaway's excellent manual might have been that of the house-painting industry: "Save the surface and you save all." Before any indignant moralist protests that this encourages insincerity, let him calm down, recall what weather can do to a house if too much of it gets in through the cracks, and ask himself if the souls of many of us are not protected against a like seepage and strain by an appropriate and frequently renewed coating of convention.

F. J. P., Atlanta, Ga., asks, on behalf of a reading-club, for a life of Nathaniel Hawthorne "that will give more than the dry cold facts—rather more of a human side."

THIS means, of course, a new life, the distinguishing feature of much new biography being that the last thing it gives you is the facts, dry or wet. However, the author of "The Scarlet Letter" has been faithfully dealt with by both his recent biographies, Lloyd Morris's "The Rebellious Puritan" (Harcourt, Brace) being a full-length portrait, Herbert Gorman's "Nathaniel Hawthorne: a Study in Solitude" (Doran), a rapid and revealing sketch. I suggest both, either having the good quality of leaving the reader quite willing to take another book about the same man. Mr. Morris's life has been having favorable reviews on its recent appearance in an English edition. At the outset of either book looms the figure of his mother, the voluntary recluse whose career reminds us what a change has been made in our heroines by housing conditions. It strains the mind to imagine where the Mrs. Hawthornes and Miss Havishams who shut themselves up in their own rooms for life when bereaved or deserted, would manage to get the proper seclusion from the family in a present-day family-apartment. Or with a present-day family.

C. A. K., University of Pennsylvania, asks who publishes A. E. W. Mason's "The House of the Arrow," saying, "This was (and is) the outstanding mystery story of my experience."

"THE House of the Arrow" is published by Doran. It has lately rolled into another incarnation and as a play is packing the vaudeville theatre on the Strand with audiences that should by this time be choosy in crimes. For of all the theatre crazes through which I have lived in one city or another, the most overwhelming is the one that has raged all the year in London for plays that are in effect detective stories on the stage. At the peak of the rush I am told that fifteen murders were taking place simultaneously, in the first acts of as many plays. It has indeed come to such a pass that on any first night, even of the mildest drawing-room comedy, the experienced theatre-goer looks over the cast to make his choice of the murderer, and feels that there is something irregular if no occasion for his acumen arises. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" (lately published by French in book-form) seems to have first place in popularity, but A. A. Milne's "The Fourth Wall" has sailed past its hundredth performance and is still going strong. Being at the Haymarket, next door to the American Express, it is the first theatrical entertainment witnessed by my countrymen. This location was one of the reasons why "The Man with a Load of Mischief" flattened out in New York: all the New Yorkers had seen it.

I have lost, in the process of moving the office for the summer, the letter of an inquirer writing a thesis on the work of Gerard Manley Hopkins, and asking further information on the circumstances of his life. But meanwhile I had referred the question to Louis Untermeyer, who writes:

I AM happy to note an American interest in Gerard Manley Hopkins—to me one of the great modern metaphysical poets whose failures are more admirable than most poet's successes. None of his poems appeared during his lifetime. He was born in 1844 and died in 1898. Thirty years after his death, his verse was collected and edited by the poet laureate, Robert Bridges, who (apparently) was more concerned with Hopkins's curious rhythms and fantastic schemes of prosody than the force and intensity of his imagination. "Modern British Poetry" (p.36-39) is the only anthology I know containing a résumé of Hopkins's work. The only other source of information is the original work: "Poems of Gerard Hopkins, Now First Published with Notes by Robert Bridges" (1919). The preface contains the very matter which your correspondent seeks.

M. B., Pittsburgh, Pa., asks for a list of works on logic, for one who has already an elementary acquaintance with the subject, and one of books on psychology to supplement the brief reading-course indicated in the booklet by E. D. Martin in the "Reading with a Purpose" series.

AS the inquirer says that his acquaintance has been with the older writers, I suggest as a beginning for a reading-list of newer books the lucid and ingratiating "Outline of Logic," by Boyd H. Bode (Holt): this is the book I keep on hand to lend to such as ask me for exercises in thinking straight. H. E. Cunningham's "Textbook of Logic" (Macmillan) is an inspiring work for a comparative beginner. It tends to develop the disposition to think for one's self—and really to think.

I. M. Bentley's "The Field of Psychology" (Appleton) is a good book for one who wishes to preserve something of the old and sympathize with something of the new. There is a wide range of interest in the collection of material for collateral reading in beginners' courses contained in the nearly 700 pages of Robinson's "Readings in General Psychology" (University of Chicago). A. G. Tansley's "The New Psychology and its Relation to Life" (Dodd, Mead) is concerned with the subconscious, not altogether Freudian. Instead of one of the many books about Freud, why not take the information from headquarters, in his "General Introduction to Psychoanalysis" (Boni & Liveright)? This is certainly explicit enough. If I were taking such a tour as this I would try the road offered by L. T. Hobhouse in "Mind in Evolution" (Macmillan): it takes a reader far and starts him a long way back. The interest in social psychology fostered by Dewey's "Human Nature and Conduct" (Holt), may be turned upon W. E. Hocking's "Human Nature and its Remaking" (Yale), in whose new edition Professor Dewey's famous book is discussed; a slant toward behaviorism sends one through J. B. Watson's book on it, issued by the People's Institute and his "Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist" (Lippincott), to the recent application

(*Continued on next page*)

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[The 4th of a *Pensive Persecution* submitted for the Pulitzer Prize for the MOST MODEST BLURB of 1928.]

ONCE every Five Years even the most tranquil blood may dangerously sparkulate . . . and as HENRI DE MONTHERLANT says, *On ne fait un chef d'oeuvre qu'avec ses nerfs*. . . .

SO, at the Beginning of the *Fifth Volume*, B. M., gallantly saluted C. S.—the sight was so charming that a member of the Editorial Staff, idling near, was moved to perpetuate it in India ink. . . .

FOR to Whom, if not to C. S., the *Charter Subscribers*, who have made this magazine possible, does B. M. (THE BUSINESS MANAGER) pay his homage due? And to Whom but C. S. would B. M. confide his secret pleasure in the good stuff the *Fifth Volume* will contain. . . .

THE picture is only a clumsy offhand imitation of one of VERA WILLOUGHBY'S enchanting drewings, published in London by PETER DAVIES . . . but it suggests the pretty episode. . . .

MORE than an episode, though, for after the obeisance (or whatever it was) C. S., blushing slightly, found that B. M. had left in her hand a dainty little scalloped paper saying:

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, $3.50 a Year, but C. S. can renew, at the rate of $6 for 2 years. Write to B. M., SRL, 25 W. 45tht St., N. Y. C.

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of these principles to the nursery, his "Psychological Care of Infant and Child" (Norton). The effect of this book on some young mothers has been as if the perambulator had struck a mine.

E. L. B., New York, asks for books on English cathedrals, to form a background to a trip abroad.

THE book that has been most often used by Americans for this purpose is probably Mrs. Van Rensselaer's "Handbook of English Cathedrals" (Century), which gives a reader a general idea of the history of twelve cathedrals of great age and manifold associations, and with the aid of Joseph Pennell's illustrations enlightens him with regard to their architecture. The latest book of this kind is "Rambles in Cathedral Cities," by J. H. Wade (Stokes). This may be taken along or used as a guide in tour-planning: taken along, it gives unusually good advice in getting about, and the historical and literary associations are brought in on the spot. I have used Helen Pratt's "Cathedral Churches of England" (Duffield) in this way: it is much condensed, for it takes in thirty-two, but it gives more attention to architecture than Frances Gostling's "The Lure of the English Cathedrals" (Little), which is mainly about legends. "Cathedrals and Abbey Churches of England" is a fine volume published by Nelson at ten dollars; it is made of those famous plates we have all admired in the windows of print-shops, with descriptive text by the artist. I am glad to see that P. H. Ditchfield's popular work on the architectural features of "The Cathedrals of Great Britain" is now published in this country by Dutton: it is in many public libraries in the English edition. This is not expensive; it is a guide to 46 cathedrals in England, Wales, and Scotland. The "Highways and Byways" series published by Macmillan contains much information on this subject, especially the one by J. W. E. Conybeare on "Cambridge and Ely." The books I have named may be bought in the United States without trouble or much expense, and each one is worth keeping in a permanent collection; the traveler should bear in mind that they may be supplemented on reaching the other side by some of the best railway guides in the world, and by the inexpensive little books of the "Cathedrals, Abbeys, and Famous Churches" series issued by Dent and averaging three to a book. My own experience with local pamphlet-guides has taught me never to depend on them and never to do without them.

A seventeen-year-old boy is to take a trip through Greece and the islands of the Ægean: what will "give him a sense of association at each place he visits, whether a recollection of Odysseus, Byron, or Rupert Brooke, or Theseus and the Minotaur?"

BEGINNING with the present day and working backward in time, Scribner is just publishing what is announced as the only authoritative account of modern Greece in the English language, W. Miller's "Greece." We have "Greece Old and New," by Ashley Brown (Dodd), a well-illustrated travel book clearly indicated for this trip. Lucy Garnett's "Greece of the Hellenes" (Scribner) seems to be out of print, but it is well worth consulting in some public library, for it carries the old over into the new. "Greece and the Ægean Islands" by P. S. Marden (Houghton) is a travel guide to be taken along: it gives especial attention to art. Lilian Whiting's "Athens the Violet-Crowned" (Little) helps a traveler to see what the ruins looked like when they were in their glory. This reminds me that one of the best and most comprehensive picture books for this part of the world is J. C. Stobart's "The Glory that Was Greece" (Lippincott), and the text is unusually attractive to a young reader. Allinson's "Greek Lands and Letters" (Houghton) interprets one by the other; it is an admirable book to accompany a classical course even if one does not travel, and for a traveler about to enter upon classical studies it is especially valuable. Anthony Dell's "Isles of Greece" (Stokes) is a gorgeously illustrated record of wanderings in Chios, Samos, Corfu, and the other magic islands. The Mediterranean guides take in Greece and the Ægean, W. H. Miller's "All Around the Mediterranean" (Appleton), one of the latest of these, gives Athens and its vicinity especial attention, and Bædeker's "Greece" (Scribner) adds to its guide-book qualities some help on the modern Greek language.

ANOTHER reader whose letter I have mislaid, in commenting on the list of books by child authors, asked why Opal Whiteley, his especial favorite in this class, had not been included, and what had become of her. I referred the question of her whereabouts to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the Opal legend having already taken on too much color for me to trust any of the tales that have come my way. I am told—"Opal Whiteley has not been heard from directly in some years. The latest news was that she was in India. Our opinion of her diary is exactly what it was at the time of its publication. We believe it to be in all respects genuine."

B. M. C., Yonkers, N. Y., asks for books to give a nine year old boy a bird's eye view of our country's history, something to follow Padraic Colum's "The Voyagers," and something to serve also as a background for sightseeing in historical New York this year.

FOR taking a young person about on the trail of history in New York City an excellent book is Anne Carroll Moore's "Nicholas" (Putnam), a pleasant and fanciful story in which just such excursions are made. J. P. Faris has added to his long list of travel-guides in American history for adults two little books for children published by Silver, Burdett, called "Where Our History Was Made": in each case the event is connected with a definite building, place, or monument that may be visited. A book to follow "The Voyagers" could well be G. P. Krapp's "America the Great Adventure" (Knopf), and any boy would like Albert Bushnell Hart's "We and Our History" (American Viewpoint Society), if only for its profusion of pictures. This is one of an expensive and most useful series. The most beautiful picture book, however, is Howard Pyle's "Book of the American Spirit" (Harper), which would be an excellent family investment.

M. A. C., *Providence, R. I., adds to the reply to F. P. S., Lancaster, Pa.*, Prince Mirsky's "A History of Russian Literature" (Knopf 1927) and "Contemporary Russian Literature, 1881-1925" (Knopf 1926), saying, "I have been looking for a chance to express my great appreciation of both the contents and the workmanship."

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from page 12*)

FACETS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE. Published by The Calumet Club of Vanderbilt University. Nashville, Tenn.

This anthology is dedicated to the poet Donald Davidson. It is sponsored by the Vanderbilt chapter of Sigma Upsilon, a national literary fraternity. Most of the poems were read before the club. There is more originality here than is usual in such compilations. In fact, the book is the best of such undergraduate anthologies that we have seen for some months. There is sophomoric stuff present, but there are also gleams of promise.

SKY-RIDER. By WADE OLIVER. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press. 1928. $1.50.

One of Mr. Oliver's poems won in a contest held by *The Gypsy* magazine two prizes, one for the best poem of the year, one for the best sonnet. Dr. Oliver is a physician-poet, being now acting head of the Department of Pathology at Long Island College Hospital. This poetry as evidenced by this book is melodious, cultivated, and only occasionally compelling. However, he practices a wise restraint and gives evidence of some originality.

DREAM-FOREST. By LESLIE CHILD. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press. 1928.

Traditional, fragmentary, these simple love songs have yet a freshness of their own, and a charm. They are not distinguished poetry, merely spontaneous and melodious verse, but they give promise. They have a certain lyric virtue in them.

DARK ALTAR STAIRS. By LEAH RACHEL YOFFIE. Saint Louis: The Modern View Publishing Co. 1928.

These are poems of the foreign born; they speak of Russia, of visions of the old world, of the tawdry new, of misery and doubt and courage. "A Jewish Child's Garland," at the end of the book, is perhaps the most original contribution. The other poems are uneven in workmanship, but display much genuine feeling.

The Compleat Collector.

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By Carl Purington Rollins

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

A Good Handbook

PRINTING FOR THE JOURNALIST, a Handbook for Reporters, Editors and Students of Journalism. By ERIC W. ALLEN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.

THE newest of the "Borzoi Handbooks of Journalism," this volume deals in a somewhat general way with the things which a worker on a modern newspaper ought to know about the technical details of newspaper printing. It is simply and sympathetically written: indeed I am not sure that in the author's enthusiasm for the country newspaper he may not be a little out of step with the tendencies, at least in the eastern United States. But it is with positive joy that I came on such a passage as this: "In the newspaper world especially, the smaller paper offers a possibility of peace, security, and influence in old age which the reporter can scarcely look forward to in connection with the highly commercialized journalistic machines of the larger cities." There is place for the New York *Times's* of the country, but it is doubtful if any metropolitan sheet is as valuable in the local field as the small daily or weekly. And it is on the small paper that one learns best and easiest all about the details of manufacture. I knew a man who spent three months just after graduating from college on a languishing country weekly, and who would not exchange the experiences gathered there, from sweeping floor to writing the editorial column, for any later favor the gods have granted! So Dean Allen does well to stress the advantages of a small newspaper as a training ground.

The technical information given seems to be accurate, and so far as possible, complete. Various kinds of machinery are described, and their uses. Type and its arrangement is dealt with at some length, but unfortunately the modern newspaper is so indefensible in that respect (as compared with the sheets of the late eighteenth century, for example) that nothing short of a crusade can hope to have much effect. If America has nothing to compare with the slatternly dailies of Paris, or the formidably repressed typography of the London *Times* (which I like best of all newspapers), it can at least make the dubious boast that its newspapers are utter chaos in the matter of type usage. The great improvement in printing in the past generation has not been reflected to any marked degree in the newspaper. The "ad room" buys the latest and newest face of type, of course: but some rather handsome printing is being done outside the newspaper offices with type four hundred years old. To be sure, the Linotype Company has helped matters a good deal by bringing out a heavier and more legible text face for newspapers, which has been very widely adopted. But on the whole newspaper typography is bizarre, confused, ugly, distorted, almost indecent—whether in news columns or advertising. And the worst offences are committed not only by the metropolitan Denver *Posts* and New York *Americans*, but by their suburban contemporaries. Even the *Christian Science Monitor* differs from other dailies more in degree than in kind, since while its pages are quite free from the hideous barbarity of, say, the New York *Graphic*, the type faces in the *Monitor* are not in themselves very good.

There is a perennial fascination about "the newspaper game." No one who has ever got the rank smell of the pressroom in his nostrils ever quite gets over the lure of seizing the first copies off the press. And Dean Allen's book will sustain and encourage cub and managing editor alike.

A SELECTION of recent books printed at the Cambridge University Press by Mr. Walter Lewis is being exhibited at Bumpus's bookshop in London. In addition to the work of the present University printer there are a number of books designed by Mr. Bruce Rogers, who assisted the Press during the years 1917 to 1919.

A Lindbergh Map

THE renaissance of pictorial map making has had no finer result so far than a map showing the overland and oversea flights of Colonel Lindbergh, which has been published by the John Day Company. The drawing is by Ernest Clegg, one of the most skilful of draughtsmen at this sort of work, and is reproduced in many colors by the American Lithographic Company. It measures over two feet high by nearly four feet wide, and includes North America, the northerly portion of South America, and the westerly edge of Europe—the portions of the earth covered by Colonel Lindbergh in his spectacular, matter-of-fact voyaging. The various routes taken by him in his air-mail employment, in his trans-atlantic flight, in his national, Spanish-American, and Canadian trips, are all plainly indicated by color and cartographical symbols, and the natural and cultural features of the various countries are clearly but not obtrusively indicated. Within cartouches and ornamental panels is a considerable amount of information about other important voyages of discovery, both by ship and airplane. There is a short but adequate history of the airman himself in the title cartouche. And there are many coats of arms, fanciful sketches of old ships, and practical paraphernalia which goes with accurate map work.

The renaissance of pictorial map making of which I have spoken has not always produced happy results. Too often a crude idea, rather slovenly execution, and raw printing has been made to take the place of accurate work and real imagination—the too common fault of so much American drawing. The humorous cartoon has been aimed at, rather than the pictorial map. Mr. Clegg, a thoroughly trained craftsman, has realized that a map must be a map, not a "funny picture." So he has drawn, on Mercator's projection, the part of the world covered by Colonel Lindbergh as a background on which to show the "smoothed" course of the flights. The subsidiary information has been selected with an eye to its importance, and placed on the sheet in a way to aid the reader rather than to distract him. It is a fine piece of work in all particulars, the finest thing of the kind which has been issued in a long time.

Italian Books

THE BOOK IN ITALY. By WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $15.

THE scope of this book is stated on the title-page, which reads in whole as follows: "The Book in Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries shown in facsimile reproductions from the most famous printed volumes. Collected under the auspices of the Royal Italian Minister of Instruction, together with an introduction by Dott. Comm. Guido Biagi, Late Librarian of the Royal Medicean Laurentian Library, Florence."

The originals of the 128 pages of plates were photographic prints gathered by Dr. Biagi from Italian libraries, illustrating the development of the book in Italy during the first two centuries. These photographs were mounted in an album, and formed part of the Italian exhibit at the Paris exposition of 1900. The collection is now at the Laurentian Library in Florence.

Unfortunately the plates in Mr. Orcutt's volume are nearly all half-tone reproductions, and because of that they give an inadequate idea of the details of type form and decoration of the original books. The various successive reproductions have robbed the examples of much of their value, although the book has its place for those to whom the originals are not at hand, and who wish to get some idea of the various styles of Italian printing. As compared with zinc plates or with lithographic processes, the half-tones show the limitations of that method of reproduction for any accurate use to the student.

The book is rather of the order of Mr. Orcutt's other volumes on printing. It is

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suited more especially for those who want to get a general impression of Italian printing in the hundred and fifty years after its introduction, or as a reference book. Mr. Orcutt's explanatory notes and comments, conveniently arranged by cities, are fully as valuable as the illustrations. If these notes offer little that is new, and no very important new viewpoint as to Italian printing (a field already well covered by more ambitious books), they are informative and easily read, and will aid those getting their first view of the subject.

"American First Editions," the collector's check-list on which Merle Johnson has been working for some years, is now almost completed and will be published in September by the R. R. Bowker Company of New York. The volume will cover over one-hundred authors, arranged alphabetically, selected because of the activity of their books in the collecting field. The authors range from Washington Irving and William Cullen Bryant to Sherwood Anderson and Robert Frost. The collecting of American "firsts" has been on the active increase for several years, and Mr. Johnson, who is well known for his authoritative bibliography of Mark Twain, has felt that an accurate check-list, giving the most important points about each author's work, would be a great help, both to collectors and dealers, and would tend to stimulate interest in the American field. The volume is being produced at the Merrymount Press.

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TYPOGRAPHY

AUTHOR UNDERTAKING RESEARCH to collect data on early printing and typography in Vermont, will welcome any information interested persons wish to make available toward the writing of a history of this subject. Box 43. The Saturday Review, 25 W. 45th St.

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DIXIE DUGAN, *whose private and public life is set forth by* J. P. MCEVOY *in* SHOW GIRL. . . . *Because of her enormous box-office appeal, she is known among the speculators as* THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND GYPS.

The Inner Sanctum has suggested to *The Saturday Review of Literature* that *Show Girl* be revued by FLORENZ ZIEGFELD.

Meantime the connoisseurs of The American Slanguage might toy with the following

Critique of SHOW GIRL
(as it would be written by one of Sime Silverman's henchman on VARIETY*)*

SHOW GIRL, new novel-revue authored by J. P. McEVOY, Americana-slinger, long awaited as low-down on the merry-merry and Mazda Lane, is making whoopee on all best-seller lists. Book attracting high-hat trade, with heavy literati angle, and also being gobbled up by gum-chewers.

The publishers, SIMON AND SCHUSTER, also responsible for the *Cross Word Puzzle, Story of Philosophy, Trader Horn and Bambi* rackets, report first edition of SHOW GIRL cleaned out on crack of gun, and big new printing under way, and don't mean maybe, with book-stores all along MAIN STEM plastered S.R.O. Stand up biz at all emporiums. Loud belly-laughs from even ten-minute eggs among reviewers and raves from carriage trade and intelligentsia.

Chorines at Ziggy's, who haven't seen a book since WALTER KINGSLEY trapped them into buying *Jurgen*, are clamoring for copies of SHOW GIRL on report that MCEVOY Tells All and plays fast and Anita Loos with night clubs, tabs, and leading Broadway showmen disguised as EPPUS AND KIBBITZER. SHOW GIRL dripping with Sell and strong on s.a.

Story of SHOW GIRL centers around DIXIE DUGAN, *hottest little wench who ever shook* a scanty at a t.b.m., and packs big dramatic wallop, with high comedy flashes. It's a wow with accent on the "it".

Liberty copped first serial contract on SHOW GIRL, for sure-fire news-stand smash, and FIRST NATIONAL, by fast work, grabbed off flicker rights for early September release. Variety hears under cover that Ziggy is flirting with revue possibilities of MCEVOY opus for spectacular Americana production. Understand Ziggy first attracted to book because of flock of telegrams reproduced facsimile in text. Rumor of CLARENCE MACKAY backing MCEVOY is out. SHOW GIRL is in.

[EARLY]
—ESSANDESS.

Dr. Van Buren Thorne, in the New York Times, says—

Glands In Health And Disease

By BENJAMIN HARROW, Ph.D

"Is refreshing, revivifying—nay, even rejuvenating—therefore, to have a man like Dr. Harrow come out with a book dealing with this important subject and declare flat-footedly that his object in writing it is not to speculate about the glands and their functions, but to tell in plain words, to explain in language that any layman can understand, what is known and what is not known about them: how they carry on their business in health and disease."

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

THE John Day Company have brought out a rip-snortingly good map showing the overland and overseas flights of *Charles A. Lindbergh,* Colonel and Flight Commander of the 110th Observation Squadron of the Missouri National Guard,—you remember the name, perhaps! The Day map is in colors and traces not only Lindbergh's famous flight from San Diego to Paris, France, but his South American tour also, and his tour of the country. The colors of the map are neat and not gaudy. We are shipping our copy off to a young gentleman in California, who is almost as good at swimming as Lindbergh is at flying. . . .

The Woman's Home Companion is making great play with *Carl Sandburg's* Phi Beta Kappa poem, read at Harvard. In their August number they are giving it a big display with colored decorations by *Charles B. Falls.* It is a poem with lots to it, a poem of changing moods and tenses, a poem asprawl as America is asprawl; it ends with great beauty, great tenderness. We congratulate the *Home Companion* upon the innovation of printing it. This magazine seems to know good stuff when it sees it and to be willing to lift out of the rut. . . .

We have heard of a Brooklyn lady recently whose principal desire is to find out where a lady, traveling alone in England, can get "sausage and mashed." She is going over soon to see in London the things from books that have cast a spell upon her. Sausage and mashed being connected, to her, with several priceless books, her yearning is to partake of these viands. We think it quite a laudable enterprise. . . .

Among the rare autographs that *George A. Van Nosdall* of 446 East 88th Street offers to the collector is an A. L. S. 2 pp. 8vo, no date, of *Swinburne's* to a *Mr. Raffalovitch. Landor, Hugo, Burne-Jones, Gautier,* and *Zola* are mentioned in the letter, the price of which is fifty berries. But we refer to it in order to quote from it the following:

I regret, if you will pardon me for saying so, that you should mention a book of Mr. Zola's, whose name ought to be indicated by a (——) like an obscene word, in the same sentence which treats of Gautier and myself.

Another remarkable letter priced at fifty dollars, in Mr. Van Nosdall's possession, is from *Sir Walter Scott,* concerning the quarrel between *Byron* and *Rogers.* It reads in part:

I never heard Rogers say a single word against Byron—which is rather odd too. He had brought Byron, Campbell, and Moore together. Campbell did not take to the poetic Lord—and left the company early—Moore and Byron commenced their friendship, which was never clouded. Byron wrote a bitter and undeserved attack on Rogers.

And yet one more. Here, at sixty dollars, is a missive from *William Makepeace Thackeray,* a fine association letter, for part of it runs:

I saw poor Hood (*Thomas Hood*) yesterday. I don't think he has many more months to live. He was telling me the history of the *London Magazine,* and how its Editor, Mr. Scott, was killed in a duel. He seemed hopeful, and in tolerable spirits; but I don't think he's long for this world. Whenever he goes, however, my rooted opinion is that he will live longer in his serious poems than his jokes. At all events, he is a Great and a Good man; and I was heartily grieved to see him looking so direfully ill.

The Latterday Pamphlets, published in New York, are rather entertaining. They are printed and copyrighted by *Paul Johnston,* at 20 Minetta Court. Eighteen issues in all will appear, and the subscription rate is $4.50. Contributions may be addressed to Latterday, 20 Minetta Court, New York. The four we have of these pamphlets are, No. 1, "The Death and Adventures of Cecil Jardine," by *William Murrell;* No. 2, "Two Poems," by *Peggy Bacon;* No. 3, "Moving Day," by *Francis Faragoh;* No. 4, "Six Poems," by *Harry Crosby.* None of these are of much importance except, perhaps,, Peggy's Bacon's work. But they are slightly amusing. . . .

The editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* submits as a supreme example of the mixed metaphor the blurb about Trader Horn from the Inner Sanctum of Simon and Schuster. "All who behold him sense that here is romance run amuck, a man who far outtops the wildest phantoms of those who have lived life up to the hilt." . . .

Rosamond Lehmann, who wrote "Dusty Answer," is in Italy at work on a new novel. The book may be available for publication next Spring. *Robert Benchley's* new book for the Fall remains without a title. His latest remark about the book is that it "will contain more mature meditations on nation-wide problems such as the future of the Republican Party (or as some people call it, the Democratic Party.)". . .

The Marshall Jones Company is banking on "Murder Will Out" by *George E. Minot,* which ran in the Sunday issue of the *Boston Herald* for a year and a half and made a strong appeal to its readers. . . .

Stephen Vincent Benét, whose Civil War epic, "John Brown's Body," has a first edition printing of sixty thousand copies, claims distant relationship with *Black Pedro Benét,* the Mexican bandit. On his mother's side of the family, he says, there was also the doughty Irish ancestor, *O'Gorman Mahon* who had neither arms nor legs but was carried to battle on a shield, and, one supposes, rolled about biting the ankles of his adversaries. Benét recently wrote to the new publishing firm of Coward-McCann, "Good luck to Cowmacan. What euphony in a cable address. It sounds like a Breton island. *Coward, McCann; Coward, McCann; Everything for the well-read man* or perhaps, 'Virile books for the real heman' has more appeal. Anyway, I hope you and they and all of you have all the success in the world." . . .

Jedediah Tingle has been gathered to his fathers. Who was he really? Well, he was a most unusual sort of philanthropist; in private life, *William E. Harmon,* retired real estate operator of New York, who died at his summer home, Southport, Connecticut. Under his own name he created the Harmon Foundation at 140 Nassau Street and engaged in good works. But his *alter ego,* Jedediah Tingle, distributed sudden gifts in odd places out of an utterly clear sky. Only two days before he died he had made a gift to the summer camps of the Henry Street Settlement. Once in a while he did things for writers whose work he honored and who, he usually quite cogently reasoned, must be hard up. He was an eccentric recalling a Dickens character, that is—Jedediah was. He did more singular and fantastic things than Mr. Harmon. Yet they were one and the same person; only Jedediah had the opportunity to give his personality freer play. . . .

It certainly is hot today. We have been half an hour writing the last paragraph. . . .

But what do you care? Probably by the time you read this you will be nice and cool. . . .

We have got to get a haircut and a shave, and then we think we will go up on the Astor Roof, and then we think we will go to the Scandals, and then we think we will go home and go to bed. . . .

And probably we shan't do any of those things. . . .

And, Oh, did you know? We're going abroad in two days (from the time of writing this), and there won't be any more nasty old Phoenix Nest for a couple of weeks or so. . . .

And so we are stalling. . . .

And stalling. . . .

And. . . .

Here, this won't do,—won't do at all. Let's see: *Homer Croy* sailed in June on the maiden voyage of the Santa Maria of the Grace Line. He visited both coasts of South America, far from Junction City. . . .

Oh yes, is that so? A hot note that is,—a month late. He's probably back home now and has forgotten all about it. . . .

We certainly do need that hair cut. . . .

Because if we did go to the Scandals and sat in a good seat down in front trying to make a good impression, what good impression could we make—Peter Piper picked a—O dry up! We mean if so and we hadn't had our hair cut we couldn't make a good impression. . . .

We need a shave! . . .

It certainly is hot. . . .

We never *can* work when it's as hot as this. More than forty thousand copies of *Ludwig Lewisohn's* novel "The Island Within" have been sold since this book was published, March 15th. We don't care. . . .

That's the second Harper publicity note we've turned up. Lay off Harper's! Chuck the rest away. One's desk has to be cleaned up, doesn't it? . . .

Boris Snoodfelter, author of "Orange Peel," is the son of Browning King and Company out of the French Building. . . .

No, that isn't right at all. Now you're just being silly. *Madge Applebaum,* the talented hen-catcher, has recently been summering in Yohasset. . . . It is rumored that *Adolphus Hiptrouble* has now left Zanzibar to pursue his researches into the flora and fauna of Nova Zembla in Nova Zembla. . . . The big simp! What was he doing in Zanzibar then, all this time? Doesn't he know enough to Nova Zembla when he sees one? I ask you, does Nova Zembla sound anything like Zanzibar? . . .

Yes. . . .

Everything sounds like everything else, hooray, hooray. Really, we must be going dotty. We've heard of people losing their brains in the heat. Of course, just as we expected, there ours is, ticking over in the corner. . . .

It certainly is hot. . . .

We need an astor and a scandals and then we'll go up on the haircut roof and then we'll go on to a shave. . . .

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